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OLD BALLADS,
HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE;
FORMING
A SUPPLEMENT TO PERCY'S RELIQUES,
AND
ELLIS'S SPECIMENS OF ANTIENT POETRY.

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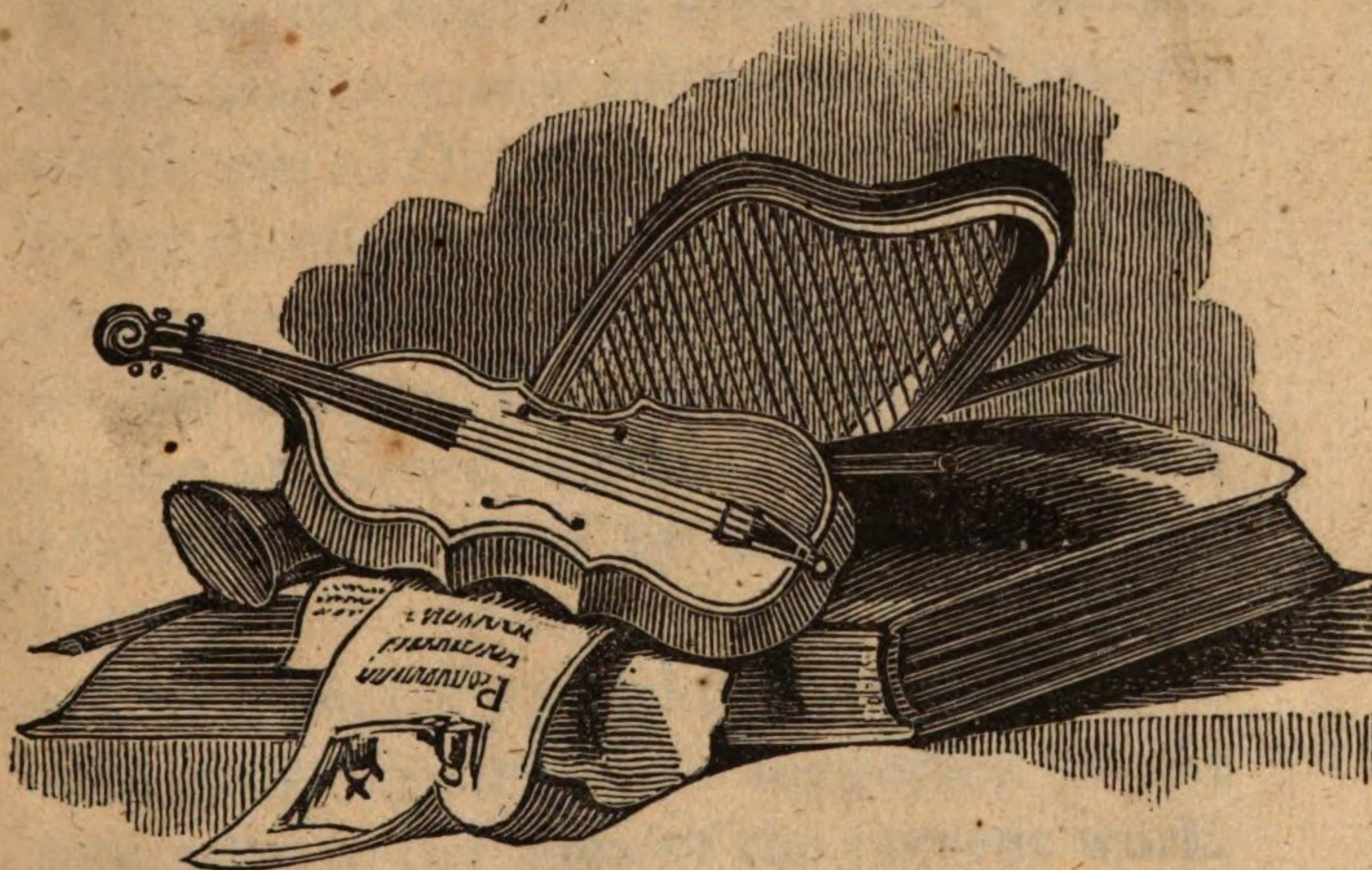
OLD BALLADS
HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE
FORMING
A SUPPLEMENT TO PERCY'S RELIQUES
AND
FINEST SPECIMENS OF VALENT POETRY.

OLD BALLADS,
HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE,
WITH SOME OF MODERN DATE;
COLLECTED FROM RARE COPIES AND MSS.
BY THOMAS EVANS.

A NEW EDITION,
REVISED AND CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED FROM PUBLIC AND
PRIVATE COLLECTIONS, BY HIS SON,

R. H. EVANS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.—VOL. I.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. H. EVANS, PALL-MALL,
BY W. BULMER AND CO. CLEVELAND-ROW.

1810.

OLD BALLADS

HISTORICAL AND NARRATIVE



WITH A NEW EDITION

OF THE OLD BALLADS

BY R. H. EVANS

IN FOUR VOLUMES

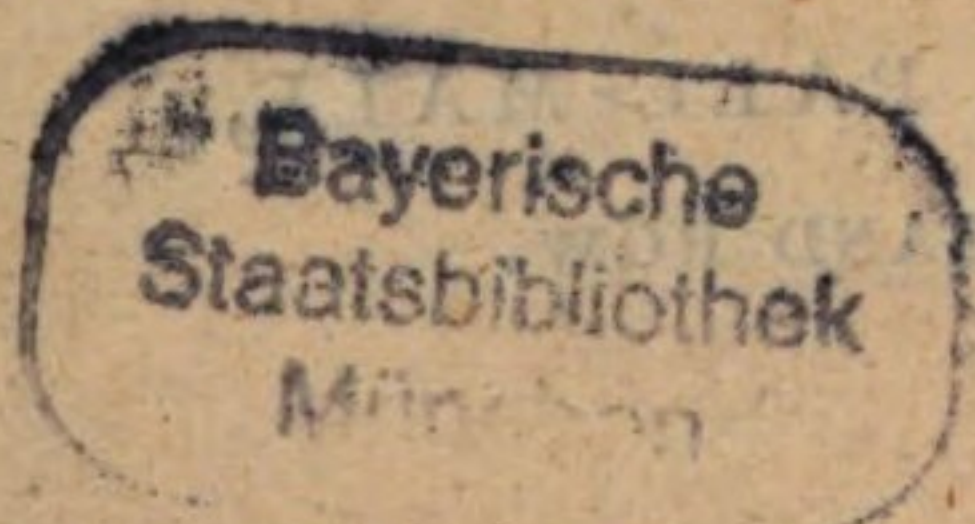


LONDON

PRINTED FOR R. H. EVANS

BY W. H. BAKER AND CO. CLERK

1840



ADVERTISEMENT.

WITH considerable diffidence I submit to the reader, a new edition of my Father's Collection of Old Ballads ; and would willingly dismiss it without a single prefatory observation, did it not appear incumbent on me, to state the nature of the alterations I have presumed to make, in a work which has been honoured by the public approbation.

The repeated perusal of Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, first suggested to the late editor, the idea of the present work. The genius and taste, which pervade that beautiful compilation, fascinated his attention, and excited his curiosity : he regretted, that the Doctor had confined his

work to the scanty limits of three volumes, and he resolved to collect the scattered ballads, which were yet to be found dispersed through various libraries, in hopes they might furnish the same entertainment to others, that he had himself derived from them. I will here take the liberty of saying a few words on the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*; I esteem it the most elegant compilation of the early poetry of a nation that has ever appeared in any age or country. Every page evinces the refined taste, the genius and learning of the editor; it deserved, and has received unbounded applause from men fully capable of appreciating its merits. It must be remembered to its praise, that when it first appeared, nothing had been published, that deserved the name of a history of our early poetry; the field was unexplored, and Percy threw a steady light on the subject, which first stimulated the public to the acquisition of more extensive and accurate information. His work has been attacked with unusual

acrimony by Ritson; the editor has been branded with ignorance, imposition, and every species of reproach which malignity could suggest; and every fault which learned petulance could discover, has been pointed out with a curious and offensive officiousness: even the profession of the Doctor has not escaped numerous sneers; and it is singular, that a man whose own avocation has been the constant theme of vulgar animadversion should have condescended to this lowest species of ribaldry. I have dilated with pleasure on the merits of Bishop Percy's work; I will now state with the sincerest humility, what I esteem its only serious imperfection; I conceive it to be the duty of an editor, to republish every work in the state he finds it in ancient copies or manuscripts, and not to make arbitrary alterations, without previously informing his readers; and still less pardonable is it to pretend that he possesses an ancient manuscript, in which his new readings are to be found. The alterations of Percy are numerous: I am con-

vinced that hardly a single poem, I had almost said a single page, is to be found in the work, in which material changes are not made. I will willingly concede that these (abstractedly considered), may have been improvements; but I contend that when such alterations are frequent, systematic, and unnoticed, the poetry of different ages is confounded; the reader is in a state of perpetual delusion, he is deprived of some pleasure, and much instruction in marking the progress of our ancient bards in the refinement of their diction, and the euphony of their numbers; it would be invidious to dwell on the minor defects, of a work of so much excellence. I cheerfully pass them over, and shall simply state, that the venerable prelate has ascribed a false importance to the English ballad singer, who never was

“High placed in hall, a welcome guest,”

like the more fortunate foreigner, who visited this island; but was compelled to earn a scanty subsistence, by chaunting his bal-

lads, and playing his crowd for the amusement of the middling, and lower classes of society.

In the year 1777, the late Mr. Evans published the first edition of this Collection in two volumes. Its success surpassed his warmest expectations; a large impression was soon exhausted, and the encreasing demand for copies induced him to reprint, and encouraged him to extend the work. In 1784, a second edition appeared in four volumes; this latter edition was as fortunate as its predecessor; it has long since been out of print, and had begun to be numbered among the scarcities of collectors.

The attention of the public has been recently directed to every branch of our ancient literature. The poetical department has been explored with avidity, and every recovered fragment has been cherished with almost a romantic enthusiasm; such researches caused the enquiries for the present collection to be renewed, and the office of superintending it seemed na-

turally to devolve on one, so nearly allied to the late editor. For a long time I shrunk from the undertaking, conscious of my want of leisure and abilities to do justice to it, and I had nearly relinquished it altogether, when the unexpected access to some new and interesting materials, finally determined me to engage in a revision and enlargement of the work.

I will now succinctly state the alterations that have been made in the present edition, and whence the materials for the additions have been chiefly drawn.

Wherever I have had an opportunity, I have collated the ballads with the earliest editions, which were frequently inaccessible to the late editor, and have restored the genuine readings, which had been materially changed, and deteriorated in the modern copies.

I have omitted all the poems of Goldsmith, Gray, Sir William Jones, Chatterton and other eminent modern writers, whose works have been collected, and may be presumed to be in the reader's possession.

I hope I shall not be charged with a want of gallantry, for leaving out the effusions of Mrs. Robinson, and Helen Maria Williams. I felt no tenderness for the feeble productions of Jerningham, Ball, Blacklock, and a few others; they never deserved a place in this collection, and even had they possessed more merit than they can claim, it must be admitted that they occupied too large a portion of a work destined to exhibit the legitimate productions of our early Minstrels.

These omissions, and the augmentation of the size of each volume, have enabled me to introduce a considerable number of ancient productions; many of which are of rare occurrence, and have not been inserted in any other collection.

The late Duke of Roxburghe possessed a very singular, and almost matchless collection of Old Ballads. The history of these I will subjoin in the words of Mr. Nicol, extracted from an unpublished preface to the Catalogue of his friend and patron:

“This collection of Ancient Ballads was

originally formed for the celebrated library of the Earl of Oxford, in the beginning of the last century, and was then supposed to exceed the famous Pepys Collection at Cambridge. It was obtained, as well as many other curious articles, from the Harleian Library by Mr. West, at whose sale it was purchased by Major Pearson, a gentleman, who had made old English literature his particular study; in his possession, with the assistance of his friend Mr. Isaac Reed, the collection received very great additions, and was bound in two large volumes; in this state it was bought at Major Pearson's sale by the Duke of Roxburghe. After the industrious exertions of two such skilful collectors as Major Pearson and Mr. Reed, the Duke did not flatter himself with ever being able to add much to the collection; but as usual he undervalued his own industry. Finding that his success far exceeded his expectations, he determined to add a third volume to the collection. Among these new acquisitions are some very rare bal-

lads ; one quoted by Hamlet, of which no other is now known to exist.”*

This valuable collection has been diligently examined, and I hope, very considerable advantage has been derived from it.

The Pepys Collection, at Magdalen College, Cambridge, in five volumes folio, furnished some materials, which have been duly acknowledged in the progress of this work.

To the Rev. Mr. Todd I am indebted for the inspection of many rarities, and for two poems taken from a manuscript in his possession. Mr. Douce most obligingly favoured me with the loan of some scarce articles, particularly two volumes of Old Ballads, originally collected by the late Mr. Baynes, one of the few persons distinguished by the praise of Ritson. In expressing my thanks to Mr. Todd, and Mr. Douce, I must not confine myself to the subject of books lent ; I have applied to them for the solution of some difficulties I was

* See Vol. I. p. 7.

unable to explain, and have always found them extremely liberal, and communicative, and entitled to my warmest acknowledgments.

The most difficult part of this undertaking, is to express the gratitude I feel to my friends, Messrs. George and William Nicol, for the uniform kindness, with which they have promoted the prosecution of this work. By their intervention, I inspected the Roxburghe Collection, and can confidently say, they could not have displayed more zeal, had they themselves been personally interested.

It would be superfluous and ridiculously ostentatious, to enumerate every book made use of in the compilation of this work. I have pointed out the leading sources, whence the materials have been drawn. It will afford me much gratification, should the publick esteem this new edition improved by the researches of the editor; if otherwise, his efforts cannot be too soon consigned to oblivion,

“The family vault of all the Capulets.”

It is only necessary to add, that the poems contained in the first volume (except No. V.), are now first printed in this collection. The additional matter, interspersed through the other volumes, is distinguished by a † prefixed to the title in the general table of contents, annexed to the first volume.

R. H. EVANS.

Pall-Mall,
March, 1. 1810.

It is only necessary to add that the poems contained in the first volume (except No. V.) are now first printed in this collection. The additional matter interspersed through the other volumes is distinguished by a † prefixed to the title in the general table of contents annexed to the first volume.

ERRATUM.

The reader will please to make the following correction in vol. 3. p. 63.
instead of

Through the Town of Fortune we did him bring,
read,

Through the Town of Forden we did him bring.

In the note subjoined at the bottom of the page, I had intimated my dissent from Mr. Weber's emendation; a subsequent inspection of Speed's Theatre of Great Britain, enables me to restore the genuine reading.

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OLD BALLADS.
2

EVANS'S COLLECTION
OF
OLD BALLADS.

I.
“ A Nosegaie alwaies sweet, for Lovers to send for
Tokens of Love, at Newyeres Tide, or for fain-
ings as they in their minds shall be disposed to
write.”

Reprinted from a very rare volume entitled a “ Handefull
of pleasant Delites,” by Clement Robinson and divers
others; printed by Richard Ihones, 1584, 12mo.

The following Ballad is well entitled to a place in this
Collection from its own merits; but acquires additional
interest from the allusion made to it by the frantic
Ophelia, when strewing the flowers in her phrensy.
“ There’s rosemary, that’s for remembrance, &c Vide
Hamlet, Act IV. Scene 5.

A NOSEGAY lacking flowers fresh,
To you now do I send,
Desiring you to look thereon,
When that you may intend:

For flowers fresh begin to fade,
And Boreas in the field,
E'en with his hard congealed frost,
No better flowers doth yield.

But if that winter could have sprung,
A sweeter flower than this,
I would have sent it presently
To you withouten miss :
Accept this then as time doth serve,
Be thankful for the same,
Despise it not but keep it well,
And mark each flower his name.

Lavender is for Lovers true,
Which evermore be fain :
Desiring always for to have
Some pleasure for their pain :
And when that they obtained have,
The love that they require,
Then have they all their perfect joy,
And quenched is the fire.

Rosemary is for Remembrance,
Between us day and night,
Wishing that I might always have
You present in my sight.

And when I cannot have,
As I have said before,
Then Cupid with his deadly dart,
Doth wound my heart full sore.

Sage is for Sustenance,
That should man's life sustain,
For I do still lie languishing,
Continually in pain,
And shall do still until I die,
Except thou favour shew,
My pain, and all my grievous smart,
Full well you do it know.

Fennel is for Flatterers,
An evil thing it's sure,
But I have always meant truly,
With constant heart most pure :
And will continue in the same
As long as life doth last,
Still hoping for a joyful day
When all our pains be past.

Violet is for Faithfulness,
Which in me shall abide,
Hoping likewise that from your heart,
You will not let it slide :

And will continue in the same,
As you have now begun,
And then for ever to abide,
Then you my heart have won.

Thyme is to try me,
As each be tried must ;
Trusting you know, while life doth last,
I will not be unjust :
And if I should I would that God
To hell my soul should bear,
And eke also that Belzebub,
With teeth he should me tear.

Roses are to rule me,
With reason as you will,
For to be still obedient,
Your mind for to fulfill :
And thereto will not disagree,
In nothing that you say,
But will content your mind truly,
In all things that I may.

Gillyflowers is for Gentleness,
Which in me shall remain,
Hoping that no sedition shall
Depart our heart in twain :

As soon the sun shall loose his course,
 The moon against her kind,
 Shall have no light, if that do
 Once put you from my mind.

Carnations are for Graciousness,
 Mark that now by the way,
 Have no regard to flatterers,
 Nor pass not what they say,
 For they will come with lying tales,
 Your ears for to fulfill :
 In any case do you consent
 Nothing unto their will.

Marigold is for Marriage,
 That would our minds suffice,
 Least that suspicion of us twain,
 By any means should rise :
 As for my part I do not care,
 Myself I will still use,
 That all the women in the world
 For you I will refuse.

Pennyroyal is to print your Love,
 So deep within my heart,
 That when you look this nosegay on,
 My pain you may impart,

And when that you have read the same,
Consider well my woe ;
Think ye then how to recompense
E'en him that loves you so.

Cowslips are for Counsel,
For secrets us between,
That none but you and I alone
Should know the thing we mean :
And if you will thus wisely do,
As I think to be best,
Then have you surely won the field,
And set my heart at rest.

I pray you keep this Nosegay well,
And set by it some store :
And thus farewell, the Gods thee guide,
Both now and evermore ;
Not as the common sort do use,
To set it in your breast,
That when the smell is gone away,
In ground he takes his rest.

II.

“A proper New Ballad, intituled,
JEPHA JUDGE OF ISRAEL.”

From a Copy printed in black letter, in two columns, for
F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson. With a cut
exhibiting

A Soldier with a drawn }
sword and fagot.

{ A Lady with a fan
in her hand.

This ballad is singularly rare. It is quoted by Hamlet, and notwithstanding the elaborate researches of the commentators on Shakspeare, it has hitherto eluded all their vigilance. Dr. Percy indeed has printed a very imperfect copy of it, wanting two whole stanzas, and otherwise mutilated by repeated alterations and omissions; which is not to be wondered at, as he never had an opportunity of consulting the original, but printed from a transcript made by a lady “who wrote it down from memory, as she had formerly heard it sung by her father.” The late Duke of Roxburghe fortunately met with a copy of the original edition, which is now, for the first time, accurately reprinted. I will extract the passage in which Hamlet banters Polonius, and then subjoin the ballad.

Ham. *O Jephthah judge of Israel*, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why—

*One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.*

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my Lord, I have a daughter,
that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

Ham. *Why, as by lot, God wot; and then, you know, It came
to pass, as most like it was.*

I HAVE read that many years agoe,
When Jepha, judge of Israel,
Had one fair daughter and no more,
Whom he loved passing well.
And as by lot, God wot,
It came to passe most like it was,
Great warrs there should be,
And who should be the chiefe, but he, but he.
When Jepha was appointed now,
Chiefe captain of the company,
To God the Lord he made a vow,
If he might have the victory,
At his return to burn
For his offering the first quick thing,
Should meet with him then,
From his house when he came agen, agen.

It chanced so these warrs were done,
 And home he came with victory,
 His daughter out of doors did run,
 To meet her father speedily,
 And all the way did play
 To taber and pipe, and many a stripe,
 And notes full high,
 For joy that he was so nigh, so nigh.

When Jepha did perceive and see
 His daughter firm and formostly,
 He rent his cloths and tore his haire,
 And shrieked out most piteously,
 For thou art she (quoth he)
 Hath brought me low, alas for woe,
 And troubled me so,
 That I cannot tell what to doe, to doe.

For I have made a vow (quoth he)
 Which must not be diminished,
 A sacrifice to God on high,
 My promise must be finished,
 As you have spoke, provoke,
 No further care but to prepare,
 Your will to fulfill,
 According to God's will, God's will.

For sithence God hath given you might,
To overcome your enemies,
Let one be offer'd up as right,
For to perform all promises,
And this let be, quoth she,
As thou hast said be not afraid,
Although it be *I*.
Keep promise with God on high, on high.

But father do so much for me,
As let me go to wilderness,
There to bewaile my virginity,
Three months to bemoan my heavinessse,
And let there go some moe,
Like maids with me. Content, quoth he,
And sent her away,
To mourn till her latter day, her day.

And when that time was come and gone,
That she should sacrificed be,
This virgin sacrificed was,
For to fulfill all promises ;
As some say for aye :
The virgins there three times a year,
Like sorrow fulfill,
For the daughter of Jepha still, still, still.

III.

“ An excellent Ballad, intituled,
THE CONSTANCY OF SUSANNA.”

This is the Ballad the first line of which Sir Toby Belch
cites, with other poetical fragments, in Twelfth Night.

THERE dwelt a man in Babylon
Of reputation great by fame,
He took to wife a fair woman,
Susanna she was called by name ;
A woman fair and virtuous ;
Lady, lady :
Why should we not of her learn thus
To live godly ?
Virtuously her life she lead,
She feared God, she stood in awe,
As in the story we have read,
Was well brought up in Moses' law ;
Her parents they were goodly folk,
Lady, lady :
Why should we not, then, sing and talk
Of this lady ?

That year two judges there were made,
Which were the elders of Babylon,
To Joachim's house was all their trade,
Who was Susanna's husband then :
Joachim was a great rich man,
Lady, lady ;
These elders oft to his house came
For this lady.

Joachim had an orchard by
Fast joining to his house or place,
Whereas Susanna commonly
Herself did daily there solace,
And that these elders soon espied,
Lady, lady,
And privily themselves did hide
For that lady.

These elders came to her anon,
And thus they said, Fair dame God speed,
Thy doors are fast, the maids are gone,
Consent to us and do this deed,
For we are men of no mistrust,
Lady, lady,
And yet to thee we have a lust,
O fair lady !

If that to us thou dost say nay,
A testimonial we will bring,

We will say that one with thee lay,
 How canst thou then avoid the thing :
 Therefore consent, and to us turn,
 Lady, lady,
 For we to thee in lust do burn,
 O fair lady !

Then did she sigh, and said alas !
 Now woe is me on every side,
 Was ever wretch in such a case,
 Shall I consent and do this deed ?
 Whether I do, or do it not,
 Lady, lady ;
 It is my death right well I wot,
 O true lady !

Better it were for me to fall
 Into your hands this day guiltless,
 Then that I should consent at all
 To this your shameful wickedness ;
 And even with that (whereas she stood)
 Lady, lady,
 Unto the Lord she cried aloud,
 Pitifully.

These elders both likewise again,
 Against Susanna aloud they cried,
 Their filthy lust could not obtain,
 Their wickedness they sought to hide,

Unto her friends they then her brought,
Lady, lady,
And with all speed the life they sought
Of that lady.

SECOND PART.

On the morrow she was brought forth
Before the people there to stand,
That they might hear and know the truth,
How these two elders Susanna found,
The elders swore and thus did say,
Lady, lady,
How that they saw a young man lay
With that lady.

Judgment there was for no offence,
Susanna causeless then must die,
These elders bore such evidence,
Against her they did verify,
Who were believed then indeed,
Lady, lady,
Against Susanna to proceed,
That she should die.

Susanna's friends that stood her by,
They did lament, and were full woe,
When as they saw no remedy,
But that to death she then must go.

Then unto him that is so just,
 Lady, lady,
 (In God was all her hope and trust,)
 To him did cry.

The Lord her voice heard, and beheld
 The daughter's cry of Israel,
 His spirit he rais'd in a child,
 Whose name was called young Daniel,
 Who cried aloud whereas he stood,
 Lady, lady,
 I am clear of the guiltless blood
 Of this lady.

Are you such fools, quoth Daniel then,
 In judgment you have not done well,
 Nor yet the right way have you gone,
 To judge a daughter of Israel :
 By this witness of false disdain,
 Lady, lady,
 Wherefore to judgment turn again
 For that lady.

And when to judgment they were set,
 He called for those wicked men :
 And soon he did them separate,
 Putting the one from the other, then,
 He asked the first where he did see
 That fair lady,
 He said under a mulberry tree,
 Who lied falsely.

Thou liest, said Daniel, on thy head,
 Thy sentence is before the Lord,
 He bad that forth he might be lead,
 And bring the other that bore record,
 To see how they two did agree,
 For this lady,
 He said under a pomgranate tree,
 Who lied falsely.

Said Daniel as he did before,
 Behold the messenger of the Lord,
 Stands waiting for you at the door,
 E'en to cut thee with a sword,
 And even with that the multitude
 Aloud did cry,
 Give thanks to God, so to conclude
 For this lady.

They dealt like with these wicked men,
 According as the scripture saith,
 They did as with their neighbour then,
 By Moses' law were put to death,
 The innocent preserved was,
 Lady, lady,
 As God by Daniel brought to pass
 For this lady.

[For John Wright, near Pye Corner.]

IV

AN ANCIENT SONG,

From the old enterlude, called "Lusty Juventus."

IN a herber grene aslepe where as I lay,
The byrdes sange swete in the middes of the daye,
I dreamed fast of myrth and play :

In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Methought I walked stil to and fro,
And from her company I could not go ;
But when I waked it was not so :

In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

Therefore my hart is surely pyght
Of her alone to have a sight,
Which is my joy and hartes delyght :

In youth is pleasure, in youth is pleasure.

V.

AN ANCIENT DRINKING SONG,

From "a ryght pithy, pleasaunt and merie Comedie: intituled Gammer Gurtons Nedle, imprinted by Thomas Colwell, 1575."

Backe and syde go bare, go bare,
Booth foote and hande go colde:
But bellye God send thee good ale ynoughe,
Whether it be newe or olde.

I CAN not eate, but lytle meate,
My stomacke is not good;
But sure I thinke that I can drynke
With him that weares a hood.
Thoughe I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothings a colde:
I stuffe my skyn so full within,
Of joly good ale and olde
Back and syde go bare, go bare,
Booth foote and hand go colde:
But belly God send thee good ale inoughe,
Whether it be new or olde.

I love no rost, but a nut brown toste,
And a crab layde in the fyre,
A lytle bread shall do me stead,
Much breade I not desyre:

No froste nor snow, no winde, I trowe,
Can hurt mee if I wolde,
I am so wrapt and throwly lapt
Of joly good ale and olde.

Backe and syde go bare, &c.

And Tyb my wyfe that as her lyfe
Loueth well good ale to seeke,
Full ofte drynkes shee, tyll ye may see
The teares run downe her cheekes :
Then dooth she trowle to me the bowle,
Even as a mault worm shuld,
And sayth, Sweete hart, I took my part
Of this ioly good ale and olde.

Backe and syde go bare, &c.

Now let them drynke, tyll they nod and winke,
Even as good felowes shoulde doe,
They shall not mysse to have the blisse,
Good ale doth bringe men to :
And all poor soules that have scowred boules,
Or have them lustely trolde,
God save the lyves of them and theyr wyves,
Whether they be yonge or olde.

Backe and syde go bare, &c.

VI.

“A NEW YORKSHYRE SONG,

INTITULED,

Yorke, Yorke for my monie,
 Of all the Cities that ever I see
 For mery pastime and companie,
 Except the Citie of London.”

From a black letter copy, “Imprinted at London, by
 Richard Jones, dwelling neere Holborn-bridge, 1584.”

As I came through the north country,
 The fashions of the world to see,
 I sought for merry company,
 To go to the city of London,
 And when to the city of York I came,
 I found good company in the same,
 As well disposed to every game,
 As if it had been at London.

York, York for my money,
 Of all the cities that ever I see,
 For merry pastime and company,
 Except the city of London.

And in that city what saw I then,
 Knights, squires, and gentlemen
 A shooting went to matches ten,
 As if it had been at London,

And they shot for twenty pounds a bow,
 Besides great cheer they did bestow,
 I never saw a gallanter show,
 Except I had been at London.

York, York for my money, &c.

These matches, you shall understand,
 The Earl of Essex took in hand,
 Against the good Earl of Cumberland,
 As if they had been at London,
 And agreed these matches all shall be
 For pastime and good company,
 At the city of York full merrily,
 As if it had been at London.

York, York for my money, &c.

In York there dwells an alderman, which
 Delights in archering very much,
 I never heard of any such

In all the city of London,
 His name is Maltby, merry and wise,
 At any pastime you can devise ;
 But in shooting all his pleasure lies,
 The like was never in London.

York, &c.

This Maltby, for the city's sake,
 To shoot, himself, did undertake,
 At any good match the Earls would make,
 As well as they do at London :

And he brought to the field with him
One Speck, an archer proper and trim,
And Smith, that shoot about the pin,
As if it had been at London.
York, York, &c.

Then came from Cumberland archers three,
Best bowmen in the north country,
I will tell you their names what they be,
Well known to the city of London:
Walmsley many a man doth know,
And Bolton how he draweth his bow,
And Ratcliffe's shooting long ago
Well known to the city of London.
York, &c.

And the noble Earl of Essex came
To the field himself to see the same,
Which shall be had for ever in fame,
As soon as I come to London:
For he shew'd himself so diligent there,
To make a mark and keep it fair,
It is worthy memory to declare
Through all the city of London.
York, &c.

And then was shooting out of cry;
The skantling at a handful nigh,
And yet the wind was very high,
As it is sometimes at London:

They clapt the clouts so on the rags,
There was such betting and such brags,
And gallopping up and down with nags,
As if it had been at London.

York, &c.

And never an archer gave regard,
To half a bow nor half a yard,
I never see matches go more hard,
About the city of London :
For fairer play was never play'd,
Nor fairer lays were never laid,
And a week together they kept this trade,
As if it had been at London.

York, &c.

The mayor of York, with his company,
Were all in the fields, I warrant ye,
To see good rule kept orderly,
As if it had been at London :
Which was a dutifull sight to see,
The mayor and aldermen there to be,
For the setting forth in archery,
As well as they do at London.

York, &c.

And there was neither fault nor fray,
Nor any disorder any way,
But every man did pitch and pay,
As if it had been at London :

As soon as every match was done,
Every man was paid that won,
And merrily up and down they run,
As if it had been at London.

York, &c.

And never a man that went abroad,
But thought his money well bestow'd,
And money laid on heap and load,

As if it had been at London:

And gentlemen there, so frank and free,
As a mint at York again should be,
Like shooting did I never see,

Except I had been at London.

York, &c.

At York were ambassadors three,
Of Russia lords of high degree,
This shooting they desired to see,

As if it had been at London:

And one desir'd to draw a bow,
The force and strength thereof to know,
And for his delight he drew it so,

As seldom seen in London.

York, &c.

And they did marvel very much,
There could be any archer such,
To shoot so far the clout to touch,

Which is no news at London:

And they might well consider then,
An English shaft will kill a man,
As hath been proved where and when,
And chronicled since in London.

York, &c.

The Earl of Cumberland's archers won
Two matches clear, ere all was done :
And I made haste apace to run,
To carry these news to London :
And Walmsley did the upshot win,
With both the shafts so near the pin,
You could scant have put three fingers in,
As if it had been at London.

York, &c.

I pass not for my money it cost,
Though some I spent, and some I lost,
I wanted neither sod nor roast,
As if it had been at London :
For there was plenty of every thing,
Red and fallow deer for the king,
I never saw so merry a shooting,
Since first I came from London.

York, &c.

God save the city of York therefore,
That hath such noble friends in store,
And such good aldermen send them more,
And the like good luck at London :

For it is not little joy to see,
When lords and aldermen so agree,
With such according commonalty,
God send us the like at London.
York, &c.

God save the good Earl of Cumberland,
His praise in golden lines shall stand,
That maintains archery through the land,
As well as they do at London :
Whose noble mind so courteously
Acquaints himself with the commonalty,
To the glory of his nobility,
I will carry the praise to London.
York, &c.

And tell the good Earl of Essex thus,
As he is now young and prosperous,
To use such properties virtuous,
Deserves great praise in London :
For it is no little joy to see,
When noble youths so gracious be,
To give their good wills to their country,
As well as they do at London.
York, &c.

Farewell, good city of York to thee,
Tell Alderman Maltby this from me,
In print shall this good shooting be,
As soon as I come to London :

And many a song will I bestow,
On all the musicians that I know,
To sing the praises where they go,
Of the city of York in London.
York, &c.

God save our Queen and keep our peace,
That our good shooting may encrease,
And praying to God, let us not cease,
As well at York as London :
That all our country round about,
May have archers good to hit the clout,
Which England cannot be without,
No more than York and London.
York, &c.

God grant that once her Majesty,
Would come, her city of York to see,
For the comfort of that great country,
As well as she doth to London :
Nothing shall be thought too dear,
To see her highness person there,
With such obedient love and fear,
As ever she had in London.

York, York for my money,
Of all the cities that ever I see,
For merry pastime and company,
Except the city of London.

[From Yorke by W. E. i. e. William Elderton.]

VII.

“A most sweet Song of an English Merchant born
in Chichester.”

From a black letter copy in the Pepys Collection, printed
by Clarke, Thackeray, and Passenger.

A RICH merchant-man there was,
That was both grave and wise,
Did kill a man at Embden town
Through quarrels that did rise;
Through quarrels that did rise;
The German being dead;
And for that fact the merchant-man
Was judg'd to lose his head.

A sweet thing is love,
It rules both heart and mind,
There is no comfort in this world
To women that are kind.

A scaffold builded was
Within the market place,
And all the people far and near
Did thither flock apace,
Did thither flock apace

This doleful sight to see;
Who all in velvet black as jet
Unto the place came he.

A sweet, &c.

Bareheaded was he brought,
His hands were bound before,
A cambrick ruff about his neck
As white as milk he wore:
His stockings were of silk,
As fine as fine might be,
Of person and of countenance
A proper man was he.

A sweet, &c.

When he was mounted up
Upon the scaffold high;
All women said great pity 't was
So sweet a man should die,
The merchants of the town,
From death to set him free,
Did proffer there a thousand pound,
But yet all would not be.

A sweet thing is love

It rules both heart and mind,

There is no comfort in this world

To women that are kind.

The prisoner hereupon
Began to speak his mind,
Quoth he, I have deserved death
In conscience I do find,
Yet sore against my will
This man I kill'd, quoth he,
As Christ doth know, which of my soul
Must only saviour be.

A sweet, &c.

With heart I do repent
This most unhappy deed,
And for his wife and children small
My very heart doth bleed:
The deed is done and past
My hope of life is vain
And yet the loss of this my life,
To them is little gain.

A sweet, &c.

Unto the widow poor,
And to the babes therefore,
I give a hundred pounds a piece
Their comforts to restore:
Desiring at their hands
No one request but this,
They will speak well of Englishmen,
Though I have done amiss.

A sweet thing is love,
It rules both heart and mind,
There is no comfort in this world,
To women that are kind.

This was no sooner done
But that to stint the strife,
Four goodly maids did proffer him
For love to save his life :
This is our law, quoth they,
We may your death remove,
So you in lieu of our good will
Will grant to us your love.
A sweet, &c.

Brave Englishman, quoth one,
'Tis I will save thy life,
Nay, quoth the second, it is I,
So I may be thy wife,
'Tis I, the third did say,
Nay, quoth the fourth, 'tis I,
So each one after the other said,
Still waiting his reply.
A sweet, &c.

Fair maidens every one,
I must confess and say,
That each of you well worthy is
To be a lady gay,

And I unworthy far,
The worst of you to have,
Though you have proffer'd willingly,
My loathed life to save.

A sweet thing is love.

It rules both heart and mind,
There is no comfort in this world,
To women that are kind.

Then take a thousand thanks
Of me, a dying man,
But speak no more of love, nor life,
For why my life is gone :
To Christ my soul I give,
My body unto death,
For none of you my heart can have
Sith I must lose my breath.

A sweet, &c.

Fair maids lament not me,
Your country law is such,
It takes but hold upon my life,
My goods it cannot touch,
Within one chest I have
Of gold a thousand pound,
I give it equal to you all
For love that I have found.

A sweet, &c.

And now, dear friends, farewell,
Sweet England now adieu,
And Chichester, where I was born,
Where first this breath I drew :
And now thou man of death
Unto thy weapon stand ;
O nay, another damsel said,
Sweet headsman hold thy hand.

A sweet, &c.

Now hear a maiden's plaint,
Brave Englishman, quoth she,
And grant me love for love again,
That craves but love of thee :
I woo and sue for love,
That had been woo'd ere this,
Then grant me love, and therewithal
She proffered him a kiss.

A sweet, &c.

I'll die within thy arms
If thou wilt die, quoth she,
Yet live or die, sweet Englishman,
I'll live and die with thee :
But can it be, quoth he,
That thou dost love me so,
'Tis not by long acquaintance, sir,
Whereby true love doth grow.

A sweet, &c.

Then beg my life, quoth he,
And I will be thy own,
If I should seek the world for love,
More love cannot be shewn;
The people at that word,
Did give a joyful cry,
And said great pity it was
So sweet a man should die.

A sweet, &c.

I go my love, she said,
I run, I fly for thee,
And, gentle headsman, spare awhile
My lover's head for me;
Unto the Duke she went,
Who did her grief remove,
And with an hundred maidens more
She went to fetch her love.

A sweet, &c.

With music sounding sweet,
The foremost of the train,
The gallant maiden, like a bride,
Did fetch him back again;
Yea, hand in hand alway they went
Unto the church that day,
And they were married presently
In sumptuous rich array.

A sweet, &c.

To England came he then
 With his fair lady bride ;
 A fairer woman never lay
 By any merchant's side ;
 Where we must leave them now
 In pleasure and delight.
 But of their names and dwelling place
 I must not here recite.

VIII.

“ A FAYRE PORTION FOR A FAYRE MAID.”

Now all my friends are dead and gone,
 Alas what shall betide me,
 For I poor maid am left alone,
 Without a house to hide me :
 Yet still I'll be of merry cheer,
 And have kind welcome every where,
 Though I have but a mark a year,
 And that my mother gave me.

I scorn to think of poverty,
Or wanting food and cloathing,
I'll be maintained gallantly,
And all my life want nothing,
A frolick mind I'll always bear,
My poverty shall not appear,
Though I have but a mark a year,
And that my mother gave me.

Though I am but a silly wench
Of country education,
Yet I am woo'd by Dutch and French,
And almost every nation :
Both Spaniards and Italians swear,
That with their hearts they love me dear,
Yet I have but a mark a year,
And that my mother gave me.

The Welch, the Irish, and the Scot,
Since I came to the city,
In love to me are wondrous hot,
They tell me I am pretty :
Therefore to live I will not fear,
For I am sought with many a tear,
Yet I have but a mark a year,
And that my mother gave me.

This London is a gallant place,
 To raise a lass's fortune,
 For I that came of simple race,
 Brave roarers do importune :
 I little thought in Worcestershire,
 To find such high preferment here,
 For I have but a mark a year,
 And that my mother gave me.

One gives to me perfumed gloves,
 The best that he can buy me,
 Live where I will I have the loves
 Of all that do live nigh me,
 If any new toys I will wear,
 I have them, cost they ne'er so dear,
 And this is for a mark a year,
 And that my mother gave me.

My fashions with the moon I change,
 As though I were a lady ;
 All quaint conceits, both new and strange,
 I'll have as soon as may be :
 Your courtly ladies I can jeer,
 In clothes but few to me come near,
 Yet I have but a mark a year,
 And that my mother gave me.

SECOND PART.

French gowns, with sleeves like pudding-bags,
I have at my requesting,
Now I forget my country rags,
And scorn such plain investing :
My old acquaintance I cashier,
And of my kin I hate to hear ;
Though I have but a mark a year,
And that my mother gave me,

My petticoats of scarlet brave,
Of velvet, silk, and sattin,
Some students oft my love do crave,
That speak both Greek and Latin ;
The soldiers for me domineer,
And put the rest into great fear,
All this is for a mark a year,
And that my mother gave me.

The Precisian sincerely woos,
And doth protest he loves me,
He tires me out with ayes and no's,
And to impatience moves me,
Although an oath he will not swear,
To lie at no time doth he fear,
All this is for a mark a year,
And that my mother gave me.

My coach, drawn with four Flanders mares,
 Each day attends my pleasure,
 The watermen will leave their fares,
 To wait upon my leisure,
 Two lackies labor every where,
 And at my word run far and near,
 Though I have but a mark a year,
 And that my mother gave me,

In the pleasantest place the suburbs yield,
 My lodging is prepared,
 I can walk forth into the fields,
 Where beauties oft are aired :
 When gentlemen do spy me there,
 Some compliments I'm sure to hear,
 Though I have but a mark a year,
 And that my mother gave me.

And if my friends were living still,
 I would them all abandon,
 Though I confess they loved me well,
 Yet I so like of London :
 That farewell Dad and Mammy dear,
 And all my friends in Worcestershire,
 I live well with a mark a year,
 Which my old mother gave me.

I would my sister Sue at home,
Knew how I live in fashion,
That she might up to London come,
To learn this occupation :
For I live like a lady here,
I wear good clothes and eat good cheer,
Yet I have but a mark a year,
And that my mother gave me.

Now blessed be that happy day,
That I came to the city,
And for the carrier will I pray,
Before I end my ditty.
You maidens that this ditty hear,
Though means be short yet never fear,
For I live with a mark year,
Which my old mother gave me.

IX.

“THE COUNTRY LASSE.

To a daintie new note, which if you can hit,
There's another tune will as well fit.”

To the tune of, the mother beguile the daughter.

[From a black letter copy printed for the Assigns of
Symcocke.]

ALTHOUGH I am a country lass,
A lofty mind I bear—a,
I think myself as good as those
That gay apparell wear—a,
My coat is made of comely gray,
Yet is my skin as soft—a,
As those that with the chiefest wines—a,
Do bathe their bodies oft—a,
Down, down derry, dery down,
Heigh down a down a down a,
A dery, dery, dery, dery down,
High down a down a dery.

What, though I keep my father's sheep,
A thing that must be done—a,
A garland of the fairest flowers
Shall shroud me from the sun—a,

And when I see them feeding be,
Where grass and flowers spring,
Close by a crystal fountain side,
I sit me down and sing—a.

Damé Nature crowns us with delight,
Surpassing court or city,
We pleasures take from morn to night,
In sports and pastimes pretty :
Your city dames in coaches ride
Abroad for recreation,
We country lasses hate their pride,
And keep the country fashion.

Your city wives lead wanton lives,
And if they come in the country,
They are so proud, that each one strives
For to outbrave our gentry.
We country lasses homely be,
For seat nor wall we strive not,
We are content with our degree,
Our debtors we deprive not.

I care not for the fan or mask,
When Titan's heat reflecteth,
A homely hat is all I ask,
Which well my face protecteth,

Yet I am in my country guise,
 Esteemed lass as pretty,
 As those that every day devise,
 New shapes in court or city.

In every season of the year
 I undergo my labour,
 No shower, nor wind, at all I fear,
 My limbs I do not favour,
 If summer's heat, my beauty stain,
 It makes me ne'er the sicker,
 Sith I can wash it off again
 With a cup of Christmas liquor.

SECOND PART.

At Christmas time in mirth and glee
 I dance with young men neatly,
 And who in the city like to me,
 Shall surely taste completely,
 No sport, but pride and luxury
 In the city can be found then,
 But bounteous hospitality
 In the country doth abound then.

In the spring my labour yields delight,
 To walk in the merry morning,
 When Flora is (to please my sight)
 The ground with flowers adorning:

With merry lads to make the hay
I go, and do not grumble,
My work doth seem to be but play,
When with young men I tumble.

The lark and thrush from briar to bush
Do leap, and skip and sing—a,
And all this then to welcome in
The long and look'd for spring—a;
We fear not Cupid's arrows keen,
Dame Venus we defy—a,
Diana is our honour'd Queen,
And her we magnify—a.

That which your city damsels scorn,
We hold our chiefest jewel,
Without, to work at hay and corn,
Within, to bake and brew well,
To keep the dairy decently,
And all things clean and neatly,
Your city minions do defy,
Their scorn we weigh not greatly.

When we together a milking go
With pails upon our heads—a,
And walking over woods and fields,
Where grass and flowers spread—a,

In honest pleasure we delight,
Which makes our labour sweet,
And mirth exceeds on every side
When lads and lasses meet.

Then do not scorn a country lass,
Though she be plain and meanly,
Who takes the country wench to wife,
(That goeth neat and cleanly)
Is better sped, than if he wed
A fine one from the city,
For then they are so nicely bred,
They must not work for pity.

I speak not this to that intent,
(As some may well conjecture),
As though to wooing I were bent,
Nor I ne'er learn lover's lectures;
But what I sing is in defence
Of all plain country lasses,
Whose modest honest innocence
All city girls surpasses.

X.

THE MAIDEN'S NAY, OR, I LOVE
NOT YOU.

I SPIED a nymph trip over the plain,
I lur'd to her, she turned again,
I woo'd her as a young man should do,
But her answer was, Sir, I love not you.

I thought she seem'd in every part,
So lovely fram'd by Nature's art,
Her beauty soon allured me to woo,
But her answer was, Sir, I love not you.

I told her all the sweet of love,
And whatever her mind might move,
To entertain a lover true,
But her answer was, Sir, I love not you.

I told her how I would her deck,
Her head with gold, with pearls her neck,
She gave a frown, and away she flew,
But her answer was, Sir, I love not you.

Not me (sweet heart) oh tell me why!
Thou should my proffer'd love deny,

To whom my heart I have vow'd so true,
But her answer was, Sir, I love not you.

My sweet, and dearest love, quoth I,
Art thou resolv'd a maid to die,
Of such a mind I know but few,
But her answer was, Sir, I love not you.

This is the pleasant maying time,
This is the pleasant golden prime,
But age will come and make you to rue,
That e're you said, Sir, I love not you.

O do not thou my suit disdain,
Nor make me spend my time in vain,
But kindly grant a lover's due,
Yet still she said, Sir, I love not you.

Fair nymph, quoth I, but grant me this,
To enrich my lips with one poor kiss,
I grant you that, which I grant but few,
Yet still she said, Sir, I love not you.

The young man proffering then to depart,
It griev'd this maiden then to the heart,
For having kist, O then did she rue,
That ere she said, Sir, I love not you.

Wherefore with speed she thought it best,
To stay him by her kind request ;
Whose counsels thus hath caus'd her to rue,
That ere she said, Sir, I love not you.

But now at last she did begin
With gentle words to lure him in :
The second part shall plainly shew
She chang'd her note of, I love not you.

SECOND PART.

Kind Sir, quoth she, what needs this haste,
With that a smile on him she cast,
Shame curb'd her long, but affection drew
These words, I love no man but you.

I feel the force of Cupid's dart,
So deep hath pierc'd my tender heart :
Believe me then, for my words are true,
You will I love, Sir, and none but you.

Do not deny my proffer'd love,
Nor think that I the wanton prove :
Though women seldom use to woo,
Yet I will love, Sir, and none but you.

When women love, they will it hide,
Untill their lover they have tried,
Though I say nay, as maidens do,
You will I love, Sir, and none but you.

Here is, quoth she, my heart and hand,
My constant love thou shalt command :
And I do vow to be ever true,
You will I love, Sir, and none but you.

Whilst golden Titan does display,
His beams unto the chearful day,
Whilst spring the winter doth ensue,
You will I love, Sir, and none but you.

On thee my love is fixed fast,
On thee my love is firmly plac'd ;
For thee I'll bid the world adieu,
You will I love, Sir, and none but you.

If Hero should Leander leave,
Fair Lucrece Collatine deceive,
Or Syrinx prove to Pan untrue,
Yet I'll love you, Sir, and none but you.

Object no former coy reply,
Suspect no future constancy ;
Accept my love as a tribute due
Only to you, Sir, and to none but you.

The young man noting well her words,
 This courteous answer then affords ;
 Give me thy hand, take mine in lieu :
 My love I grant here, and so do you.

To church with speed then let us hie
 In marriage bands ourselves to tie,
 Where interchanging hands and hearts
 I'll love thee dearly till death us parts.

Mark well my song you maiden's coy,
 That count true love a foolish toy :
 Do not disdain when young men woo,
 But love them freely as they love you.

[Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright.]

XI.

“A most excellent Song of the Love of young Palmus
 and faire Sheldra, with their unfortunate love.”

To the tune of Shackley-hay.

YOUNG Palmus was a ferryman,
 Whom Sheldra fair did love,
 At Shackley, where her sheep did graze,
 She there his thoughts did prove ;

But he unkindly stole away,
And left his love at Shackley-hay.
So loud at Shackley did she cry,
The words resound at Shackley-hay.

But all in vain she did complain,
For nothing could him move,
Till wind did turn him back again,
And brought him to his love :
When she saw him thus turn'd by fate,
She turn'd her love to mortal hate,
Then weeping to her did he say,
I'll live with thee at Shackley-hay.

No, no, quoth she, I thee deny,
My love thou once did scorn,
And my prayers wouldst not hear,
But left me here forlorn,
And now being turn'd by fate of wind,
Thou thinkst to win me to thy mind,
Go, go, farewell, I thee deny,
Thou shall not live at Shackley-hay.

If that thou do'st my love disdain,
Because I live on seas,
Or that I am ferryman,
My Sheldra doth displease,

I will no more in that estate,
Be servile unto wind and fate,
But quite forsake boats, oars, and sea,
And live with thee at Shackley-hay.

My Sheldra's bed shall be my boat,
Her arms shall be my oars,
Where love instead of storms shall float,
On pleasant downs and shores;
Her sweetest breath my gentle gale,
Through tides of love to drive my sail,
Her look my praise, and her my joy,
To live with me at Shackley-hay.

Not Phaon shall with me compare,
So fortunate to prove:
Fair Venus never was his fare,
I'll bear the queen of love;
The working waters never fear,
For Cupid's self our barge shall steer,
And to the shore I still will cry,
My Sheldra comes to Shackley-hay.

To strew my boat for thy avail,
I'll rob the flowery shores,
And whilst thou guid'st the silken sail,
I'll row with silver oars;

And as upon the streams we float,
A thousand swans shall guide our boat,
And to the shore still will I cry,
My Sheldra comes to Shackley-hay:

And have a story painted there,
Wherein there shall be seen,
How Sappho lov'd a ferryman,
Being a learned queen :
In golden letters shall be writ,
How well in love himself he quit,
That all the lasses still shall cry,
With Palmus we'll to Shackley-hay.

And walking lazily to the strand,
We'll angle in the brook,
And fish with thy white lilly hand,
Thou need'st no other hook :
To which the fish shall soon be brought,
And strive which shall the first be caught,
A thousand pleasures will we try,
As we do row to Shackley-hay.

And if we be opprest with heat,
In mid-time of the day,
Under the willows tall and great,
Shall be our quiet bay,

Where I will make thee fans of boughs,
From Phoebus' beams to shade thy brows;
And cause them at the ferry cry,
A boat, a boat to Shackley-hay.

A troop of dainty neighbouring girls
Shall dance along the strand,
Upon the gravel all of pearls,
To wait when thou shalt land,
And cast themselves about thee round,
Whilst thou with garlands shalt be crown'd,
And all the shepherds with joy shall cry,
O Sheldra, come to Shackley-hay

Although I did myself absent,
'Twas but to try thy mind;
But now thou mayst thyself repent
For being so unkind;
For now thou art turn'd by wind and fate,
Instead of love thou hast purchas'd hate,
Therefore return thee to the sea,
And bid farewell to Shackley-hay.

SECOND PART.

Thus all in vain did he complain,
And no remorse could find,
Young Palmus, through his own disdain,
Made Sheldra fair unkind,

And she is from him fled and gone;
 He laid him in his boat alone,
 And so betook him to the sea,
 And bade farewell to Shackley-hay.

Then from the happy sandy shore,
 Into the floating waves
 His vessel, fraught with brinish tears,
 Into the main he laves:
 But all in vain, for why, he still
 With weeping eyes his boat did fill;
 And launcht his boat into the sea,
 And bad farewell to Shackley-hay

Now farewell to my Sheldra fair,
 Whom I no more shall see,
 I mean to lead my life at sea,
 By thy inconstancy.
 Come, Neptune, come, to thee I cry,
 With thee I'll live, with thee I'll die,
 Thus he launch'd himself into the sea,
 And bad farewell to Shackley-hay.

But far from thence he had not gone,
 Ere Sheldra fair return'd,
 Whose heart kind pity made to moan,
 Such passion in her burn'd:

But when she to that place arriv'd
She found the shore from him depriv'd,
And her dear Palmus, now at sea,
Had bad farewell to Shackley-hay.

She then with bitter sighs complain'd,
Her grief did so abound,
Oft grieving that she him disdain'd,
Whom she so loving found ;
But now (alas) 't was all in vain,
For he was gone by her disdain,
Leaving that place to her alone,
Who now laments that he is gone.

O wretched Sheldra ! then quoth she,
Confess what fond disdain
Hath wrath caused to fall on thee ;
Could this long suffering pain,
By thee, alas ! so soon forgot,
Serv'd to thy love's strange hateful lot,
And thus to lie, and for him to cry
Whom thou so fondly didst deny.

Who once did truly love, I see,
Shall never after hate,
As doth too well appear by me
In my forsaken state,

Alas, I meant my scorn to prove,
By only trial of his love,
Now hapless me, now I do see,
He hath forsaken woeful me.

Thus all this while in roughest seas,
Poor Palmus' boat was tost,
But more his mind by his disease,
Because he Sheldra lost :
In midst of this he her forswears,
He rent his boat, and tore his hairs,
Threw hope away, for he, alas !
Could be no more drown'd than he was.

E'en as his grief had swallow'd him,
So strove the greedy waves
About his boat and o'er the brim,
Each lofty billow raves ;
There is no trust to swelling powers
That what they may they still devour,
But by the breach the seas might see
The boat felt more the rage than he.

Thus wreckt and scatter'd was their state,
While he in quiet swam,
Through liquid paths to Thetis gate,
By soft degrees went down

Whom when the Nymphs beheld, the girls
Soon laid aside their sorting pearls,
And up they heav'd him as a guest,
Unlook'd for now come to their feast.

His case they pitied, but when they
Beheld his face right fain,
For very love, into the sea,
They pull'd him back again ;
So were they with his beauty mov'd,
For what is fair is soon belov'd,
Thus with Nymphs he lives in the sea,
That left his love at Shackley-hay.

Then Sheldra fair to Shackley went,
To end her woeful days,
Because young Palmus cast himself
Into the floating seas,
At Shackley-hay did fair Sheldra die,
And Palmus in the sea doth lie,
So as they liv'd, so did they die,
And bad farewell to Shackley-hay.

XII.
 “A PROPER NEW SONG MADE BY A
 STUDENT IN CAMBRIDGE.”

From the “Handefull of Pleasant Delites, 1584.”

To the tune of,—I wish to see those happy days.

I who was once a happy wight,
 And high in fortune's grace:
 And who did spend my golden prime
 In running pleasure's race,
 Am now enforst of late
 Contrariwise to mourn,
 Since Fortune joys into annoys
 My former state to turn.

The toiling ox, the horse, the ass,
 Have time to take their rest,
 Yea, all things else which nature wrought,
 Sometimes have joys in breast:
 Save only I and such
 Who vexed are with pain;
 For still in tears my life it wears,
 And so I must remain.

How oft have I in folded arms
Enjoyed my delight,
How oft have I excuses made,
Of her to have a sight !

But now to fortune's will
I caused am to bow,
And for to reap a hugie heap,
Which youthfull years did sow.

Wherefore, all ye which do as yet
Remain, and bide behind,
Whose eyes Dame Beauty's blazing beams,
As yet did never bind :

Example let me be
To you and other more ;
Whose heavy heart hath felt the smart
Subdued by Cupid's lore.

Take heed of gazing over much
On damsels fair unknown ;
For oftentimes the snake doth lie
With roses overgrown :

And under fairest flowers
Do noisome adders lurk,
Of whom take heed, I thee areed,
Least that thy cares they work.

What though that she doth smile on thee,
 Perchance she doth not love,
 And though she smack thee once or twice,
 She thinks thee so to prove,
 And when that thou dost think
 She loveth none but thee,
 She hath in store perhaps some more,
 Which so deceived be.

Trust not therefore the outward shew,
 Beware in any case :
 For good conditions do not lie
 Where is a pleasant face :
 But if it be thy chance,
 A lover true to have,
 Be sure of this, thou shalt not miss
 Each thing that thou wilt crave.

And when as thou (good reader) shalt
 Peruse this scroll of mine,
 Let this a warning be to thee,
 And say a friend of thine
 Did write thee this of love,
 And of a zealous mind,
 Because that he sufficiently
 Hath tried the female kind.

Here Cambridge now I bid farewell,
 Adieu to students all ;
 Adieu unto the colleges,
 And unto Gunvil-hall :
 And you my fellows once,
 Pray unto Jove that I
 May have relief for this my grief,
 And speedy remedy :

And that he shield you everichone
 From beauty's luring looks,
 Whose bait hath brought me to my bairn,
 And caught me from my books :
 Wherefore for you my prayer shall be,
 To send you better grace,
 That modesty with honesty
 May guide your youthful race.

[Finis quod Thomas Richardson, sometime Student in
 Cambridge.]

XIII.

ADDRESS TO A DISAPPOINTED LOVER,
WEARING A WILLOW BRANCH.

[From "the Muses Gardin for Delights," by Robert
Jones, 1610.]

I AM so farre from pittying thee,
That wear'st a branch of willow tree,
That I do envie thee and all,
That once were high and got a fall:
O willow, willow, willo tree,
I would thou didst belong to mee.

Thy wearing willow doth imply,
That thou art happier farre then I,
For once thou wert where thou wouldst be,
Though now thou wear'st the willow tree:
O willow, willow, sweete willow,
Let me once lie upon her pillow.

I doe defie both boughe and roote,
And all the fiends of hell to boote
One houre of paradised joye,
Makes purgatorie seeme a toye:
O willow, willow, doe thy worst,
Thou canst not make me more accurst.

I have spent all my golden time
 In writing many a loving rime,
 I have consumed all my youth
 In vowing of my faith and trueth :
 O willow, willow, willow tree,
 Yet can I not beleev'd bee.

And now alas it is too late,
 Gray hayres, the messenger of fate,
 Bid me to set my heart at rest,
 For beautie loveth yong men best :
 O willow willow I must die,
 Thy servant's happier farre then I.

XIV.

“ THE DECEASED MAIDEN LOVER.

Being a pleasant new Court-song.”

[From a black letter copy printed for the assigns of
 Thomas Symcocke.]

As I went forth one summer's day,
 To view the meadows fresh and gay,
 A pleasant bower I espied,
 Standing hard by a river side,
 And in 't a maiden I heard cry,
 Alas there's none ere lov'd like I.

I couched close to hear her moan,
 With many a sigh and heavy groan,
 And wisht that I had been the wight,
 That might have bred her heart's delight,
 But these were all the words that she
 Did still repeat, None loves like me.

Then round the meadows did she walk,
 Catching each flower by the stalk,
 Such as within the meadows grew,
 As dead-man's thumb and hare-bell blue,
 And as she pluckt them, still cried she,
 Alas, there's none ere lov'd like me.

A bed therein she made to lie,
 Of fine green things that grew fast by,
 Of poplar's and of willow leaves,
 Of sicamore and flaggy sheaves,
 And as she pluckt them, still cried she,
 Alas, there's none ere lov'd like me.

The little larkfoot she'd not pass,
 Nor yet the flowers of three-leaved grass,
 With milkmaids honey-suckle's phrase,
 The crow's-foot, nor the yellow crayse,
 And as she pluckt them, still cried she,
 Alas, there's none ere lov'd like me.

The pretty daisy which doth shew
Her love to Phœbus bred her woe,
Who joys to see his chearful face,
And mourns when he is not in place,
Alack, alack, alack, quoth she,
There's none that ever loves like me.

The flowers of the sweetest scent,
She bound them round with knotted bent,
And as she laid them still in bands,
She wept, she wail'd, and wrung her hands,
Alas, alas, alas, quoth she,
There's none that ever lov'd like me.

False man (quoth she), forgive thee heaven,
As I do wish my sins forgiven,
In blest Elysium I shall sleep,
When thou with perjured souls shall weep,
Who when they liv'd did like to thee,
That lov'd their loves as thou dost me.

When she had fill'd her apron full,
Of such sweet flowers as she could cull,
The green leaves serv'd her for a bed,
The flowers pillows for her head,
Then down she lay, ne'er more did speak,
Alas with love her heart did break.

THE FAITHLESS LOVER,

(A second part to the preceding.)

When I had seen this virgin's end,
 I sorrowed as became a friend,
 And wept to see that such a maid
 Should be by faithless love betray'd,
 But woe I fear will come to thee,
 That was not in love, as she.

The birds did cease their harmony,
 The harmless lambs did seem to cry,
 The flowers they did hang their head,
 The flower of maidens being dead,
 Whose life by death is now set free,
 And none did love more dear than she.

The-bubbling brooks did seem to moan,
 And Echo from the vales did groan,
 Diana's nymphs did ring her knell,
 And to their queen the same did tell,
 Who vowed by her chastity,
 That none should take revenge but she.

When as I saw her corpse was cold,
 I to her lover went, and told

What chance unto this maid befell,
Who said I'm glad she sped so well,
D'ye think that I so fond would be
To love no maid, but only she,

I was not made for her alone,
I take delight to hear them moan,
When one is gone I will have more,
That man is rich that hath most store,
I bondage hate, I must live free,
And not be tied to such as she,

O, Sir, remember then (quoth I)
The power of heaven's all-seeing eye,
Who doth remember vows forgot,
Though you deny you know it not,
Call you to mind this maiden free,
The which was wrong'd by none but thee.

Quoth he, I have a love more fair,
Besides she is her father's heir,
A bonny lass doth please my mind,
That unto me is wondrous kind,
Her will I love, and none but she,
Who welcome still shall be to me.

False minded man that so would prove
Disloyal to thy dearest love,

Who at her death for thee did pray,
 And wisht thee many happy days,
 I would my love but would love me,
 E'en half so well as she lov'd thee.

Fair maidens will example take,
 Young men will curse thee for her sake,
 They'll stop their ears unto our plaints,
 And call us devils seeming saints,
 They'll say to-day that we are kind,
 To-morrow in another mind.

XV.

"THE TRUE MAYDE OF THE SOUTH,

OR,

A rare example of a maide dwelling at Rie in Sussex, who for the love of a young man of Lester-shire, went beyond sea in the habit of a page, and after, to their hearts content were both marryed at Magrum in Germany, and now dwelling at Rye aforesaid."

To the tune of—"Come, come my sweet and bonny one."

From a black letter copy printed for F. Coules.

WITHIN the haven town of Rye,
That stands in Sussex fair,
There dwelt a maid whose constancy
Transcendeth all compare :
This turtle dove
Did dearly love
A youth, who did appear
In mind and face,
To be the grace
And pride of Leycestershire.

This young man with a noble peer,
 Who lik't his service well,
Went from his native Leicestershire,
 In Sussex for to dwell :
 Where living nigh
 The town of Rye,
 This pretty maid did hear
 Of his good parents,
 Who by deserts,
 Were pride of Leycestershire.

For coming once into that town,
 It was at first his chance,
To meet with her whose brave renown
 All Sussex did advance :
 And she likewise
 In his fair eyes,
When once she came him near,
 Did plainly see
 That none but he
 Was pride of Leycestershire.

Then little Cupid, God of Love,
 Began to play his part,
And on the sudden from above,
 He shot his golden dart,

Which did constrain
These lovers twain
To prize each other dear,
Sweet Margery
Lov'd Anthony,
The pride of Leycestershire.

Thus with concordant sympathy
These lovers were combin'd,
One lov'd the other heartily,
Yet neither told their mind :
She long'd to speak
Her mind to break,
Unto her lover dear,
She durst not tell,
Though she lov'd well,
The pride of Leycestershire.

Within short time it came to pass
To sea the young man went,
And left this young and pretty lass
In woe and discontent :
Who wept full sore
And griev'd therefore,
When truly she did hear,
That her sweet-heart
From her must part,
The pride of Leycestershire.

SECOND PART.

It was his hap that time to go
 To travel with his lord,
Which to his heart did breed much woe,
 Yet could he not afford
 A remedy
 To 's misery,
But needs he must leave here
 His Madge behind,
 Who griev'd in mind
 For the pride of Leycestershire.

She being then bereaved clean
 Of hope, yet did invent
By her rare policy a mean
 To work her heart's content:
 In garments strange
 She straight did change
Herself, rejecting fear,
 To go with him
 Whom she did deem
 The pride of Leycestershire.

And in the habit of a page
 She did entreat his lord,
 That being a boy of tender age
 He would this grace afford,

That he might go
Service to shew
To him both far and near,
Who little thought,
What love she ought,
To the pride of Leycestershire.

This lord did take her, as she seem'd
To be a pretty lad,
And for his page he her esteem'd,
Which made her heart full glad:
To sea went she,
And so did he,
Whom she esteem'd so dear,
Who for her sake,
Great moan did make,
And shed full many a tear.

Thus he, poor lad, lay with his love,
Full many a tedious night,
Yet neither of them both did prove
A lover's true delight:
She heard him weep,
When he should sleep,
And shed forth many a tear
For Margery,
Who then lay by
The pride of Leycestershire.

Long time these lovers travell'd,
And were bed-fellows still,
Yet she did keep her maiden-head
Untill she had her will.

She heard his moan,
Yet still unknown,
She kept herself for fear,
Yet at the last
She cleaved full fast
To the pride of Leycestershire.

For having travelled six weeks,
Unknown unto her lover,
With rosy blushes in her cheeks,
Her mind she did discover:
See here, quoth she,
One, that for thee
Hath left her parents dear:
Poor Margery,
The maid of Rye,
I am, behold me here.

When Anthony did hear this word,
His heart with joy did leap,
He went unto his noble lord,
To whom he did report,

This wonderful thing
Which straight did bring
Amazement to him there,
Of such a page
In any age,
Quoth he, I did not hear.

At Magrum then, in Germany,
Their lord did see them married,
From whence unto the town of Rye,
In England were they carried.
Where now they dwell,
Beloved well
Of neighbours far and near,
Sweet Margery
Loves Anthony,
The pride of Leycestershire.

You maids and young men warning take
By these two lovers kind,
Whoever you your choice do make,
To them be true in mind :
For perfect love
Comes from above,
As may by this appear,
Which came to pass
By Sussex lass
And the lad of Leycestershire.

XVI.

THE TWO FAITHFUL FRIENDS,

“The pleasant History of Alexander and Lodwicke, who were so like one another, that none could know them asunder; wherein is declared how Lodwicke married the Princesse of Hungaria, in Alexander's name, and how each night he layd a naked sword betweene him and the Princesse, because he would not wrong his friend.”

To the tune of Flying Fame.

[From the Pepys Collection.]

THE Emperor of Germany
A turney did plocclaim,
When many princes of renown,
Resorted to the same;
Amongst the rest Prince Lodwicke,
And Guido, prince of Spain,
Prince Alexander likewise came,
Great honors to obtain.

The Emperor's promise was to give
To him that won the day,
His only daughter as his bride,
The story thus doth stay,

The champions entered the field
With carriage stout and bold,
Lodowicke of France most manfully,
Whose armour shin'd like gold.

Prince Alexander was the next
That entered in the field,
And like a champion stout and bold,
He did advance his shield :
The haughty Spaniard with the rest
His valor there did shew,
But Alexander by his strength,
Gave him the overthrow.

The valiant Prince of Hungary,
Brave Alexander he,
From all the champions in the field
He won the victory,
Thus he by valor did obtain
The princess from them all,
But yet in Hungary she liv'd,
That had his heart in thrall.

The Emperor his promise kept,
And to the conqueror gave
His only daughter for his wife,
Whom Lodwick most did crave,

For love had so inflam'd his thoughts,
 And set his heart on fire,
 That for to gain the princess' love,
 It was his chief desire.

This Alexander was so like
 To Lodwick prince of France,
 That he so lately had overthrown,
 By fate and fortune's chance,
 None could distinguish them aright,
 Or know one from the other,
 In shape, stature, and countenance,
 As if they had been brothers;

Which bred such love betwixt them,
 As could not be divorce'd,
 Yet fortune's frown, and fickle chance,
 Asunder them enforst;
 Prince Alexander gave his friend
 The Emperor's daughter free,
 Which he before had won in field,
 By manly chivalry.

The envious Spaniard being vext,
 And tortured in his mind,
 He and the devil devised how
 To cross these lovers kind,

He to the Emperor accus'd
 The Princess of base lust,
 And vow'd with sword for to maintain
 These accusations just,

SECOND PART.

Prince Lodwick being thus accus'd
 By Guido prince of Spain,
 His friend, prince Alexander then
 This combat did maintain :
 And sent his friend prince Lodwick
 To Hungary with speed,
 There in his room for to possess
 The high imperial weed,

Friend Lodwick, Alexander said,
 Go thou to Hungary,
 Against the Spaniard I'll maintain
 Thy cause most manfully,
 The King I understand is dead,
 Go then, and in my place
 Possess the crown and dignity,
 And all the royal grace.

That they will there bestow on thee,
 Let it not be denied ;
 His daughter likewise in my name,
 Make her thy wedded bride,

But by our friendship I entreat
This kindness at thy hands,
That thou by no means violate,
True constancy's chaste bands.

Although thou wed her as thy wife,
Yet know 'tis in my name,
Let her remain a virgin pure,
I do request the same,
Because my heart she has in hold,
And love her as my life,
Away, begone, thou know'st my mind,
Leave me to end this strife,

Prince Lodwick now is on his way,
And Alexander he
By fortune's aid the Spaniard slew,
And set the Princess free,
Lodwicke in Alexander's name,
Receiv'd in Hungary
The crown, and likewise in the church
His wife received he.

But every night between them twain,
His naked sword he'd lay,
Such constant friendship at that time
His heart and thoughts did sway,

Prince Alexander came himself,
Then Lodwicke took his leave,
Of Alexander, his dear friend,
Which did him not deceive.

The Queen in heart was vexed sore,
That she so long should lie,
With him that was her husband dear,
And not love's pastimes try,
Unto a lord she made her moan,
And they did both agree
To be reveng'd upon the king,
And poison'd he should be.

The poison took not full effect,
But brake forth on his face,
That he a leper did appear,
And then in great disgrace
They kickt and spurn'd him from the court,
Thus in most shameful manner,
He was compel'd to beg for food,
That lately liv'd in honor.

To Lodwick's court he did repair,
Thus like a leper poor,
And for relief he did entreat
At his friend Lodwick's door,

A ring he sent unto his friend,
 Who well the same did know,
 And came in love to greet his friend,
 Willing to ease his woe.

Quoth Alexander unto him,
 Kind friend there is no way
 To ease my pain unless that thou
 Thy loving babes do slay,
 What is 't but I'll do for thee,
 Quoth Lodwicke by and by,
 To ease my friend of this great pain,
 My pretty babes shall die.

For which he to the cradle goes
 Where they were fast asleep,
 And with a knife he lets them blood,
 His promise for to keep :
 And with their bloods he washt the sores,
 From Alexander's face,
 Thus he like to a loyal friend
 The path of love did trace.

Thus Alexander being cleared,
 Of all his torturing pain,
 Lodwick unto his Queen made known,
 How he his babes had slain,

This news did grieve her at the heart,
But straight she runs to see,
Whether it was so or no,
It prov'd the contrary.

For both the babes she found alive,
As God would have it so,
Which did revive her drooping heart,
Now joys exceed all woe,
King Alexander being well,
To Hungary he goes,
And Lodwick, his beloved friend,
To overthrow his foes.

The victory they soon obtain'd,
And took the Lord and Queen,
And doom'd them to such cruel deaths,
As yet had not been seen,
King Alexander again was crown'd
By help of his good friend,
Their griefs to joys converted were,
Their pleasures did transcend.

XVII.

“ LONDON LASSES LAMENTATION :

OR,

Her fear she should never be married.”

To the tune of—I marry, and thank ye too.

ALAS! I am in a rage,
And bitterly weep and cry,
Because I'm nineteen years of age,
Yet cannot be married, not I.

No gallant regards my moan,
For love I am like to die,
It grieves my heart to lie alone,
Yet cannot be married, not I.

Mine eyes do like fountains flow,
As I on my pillow lie,
There's none know what I undergo,
Yet cannot be married, not I.

There's Margery, Sue and Kate
Have husbands with them to lie,
Yet none regard my wretched fate,
Yet cannot be married, not I.

Young men I must tell you true,
I scorn to report a lie :
I am both fair and handsome too,
Yet cannot be married, not I.

My Father is grey and old,
And surely ere long will die,
And though he 'll leave me all his gold
Yet cannot be married, not I.

Oh this is my grief and care !
The which I cannot pass by,
To think I am my father's heir ;
Yet cannot be married, not I.

I am in distraction hurl'd,
And do for a husband cry,
It's more to me than all the world
Yet cannot be married, not I.

I am a poor love-sick girl,
And ready with grief to die,
I proffer'd jewels and gold,
Yet cannot be married, not I.

In silks I am still array'd,
And ev'ry new fashion buy,
Because I'm loth to die a maid,
Yet cannot be married, not I.

I paint and I powder still,
To tempt all that I come nigh,
But yet let me do what I will,
Yet cannot be married, not I.

There's n'er a lass in town,
For beauty can me come nigh,
But fortune she has sent a frown,
I cannot be married, not I.

The gold which I have in store,
I value no more than clay,
I'd give all had I ten times more,
So I might be married to day.

XVIII.

“THE LOVELY NORTHERN LASS,

Who in this ditty here complaining shews
What harm she got milking her daddy's ewes.”

To a pleasant Scotch tune called The Broom of Cowdon
Knowes.

THROUGH Liddersdale as lately I went,
I musing on did pass,
I heard a maid was discontent,
She sigh'd and said, alas !
All maids that ever deceived were,
Bear a part of these my woes,
For once I was a bonny lass
When I milkt my daddy's ewes.
With O the broom, the bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdon Knowes,
Fain would I be in the north country,
To milk my daddy's ewes.

My love into the fields did come
When my daddy was at home,
Sugar'd words he gave me there,
Prais'd me for such a one,

His honey breath and lips so oft,
 And his alluring eye,
 And tempting tongue hath woo'd me oft,
 Now forces me to cry,
 All maids, &c.

He joy'd me with his pretty chat,
 So well discourse could he,
 Talking of this thing and of that,
 Which greatly liked me,
 I was so greatly taken with his speech,
 And with his comely making,
 He used all the words could be
 To enchant me with his speaking.
 All maids, &c.

In Danby forest I was born,
 My beauty did excell,
 My parents dearly loved me
 Till my belly began to swell :
 I might have been a prince's peer,
 When I came over the Knoes,
 Till the shepherd's boy beguiled me,
 Milking my daddy's ewes.
 All maids, &c.

When once I felt my belly swell,
 No longer might I abide,
 My mother put me out of doors,
 And bang'd me back and side :

Then did I range the world so wide,
Wandering about the Knoes,
Cursing the boy that helped me
To fold my daddy's ewes.
All maids, &c.

Who would have thought a boy so young,
Would have us'd a maiden so,
As to allure her with his tongue,
And then from her to go.
Which hath, alas, procured my woe,
To credit his fair shews,
Which now too late repent I do
The milking of the ewes.
All maids, &c.

I often since have wisht that I
Had never seen his face,
needed not thus mournfully
Have sigh'd, and said alas ;
I might have matched with the best,
As all the country knows,
Had I escap'd the shepherd boy
Helpt me to fold my ewes.
All maids, &c.

SECOND PART.

All maidens fair then have a care,
 When you a milking go,
 Trust not to young men's tempting tongues,
 That will deceive you so ;
 Them you shall find to be unkind,
 And glory in your woes ;
 For the shepherd's boy beguiled me,
 Folding my daddy's ewes.
 All maids, &c.

If you your virgin honors keep,
 Esteeming of them dear,
 You need not then to wail and weep,
 Or your parents anger fear :
 As I have said of them beware,
 Would glory in your woes,
 You then may sing with merry cheer,
 Milking your daddy's ewes.
 All maid's, &c.

A young man hearing her complaint,
 Did pity this her case,
 Saying to her, sweet beauteous saint,
 I grieve so fair a face

Should sorrow so, then sweeting know
To ease thee of thy woes,
I'll go with thee to the north country,
To milk thy daddy's ewes.
All maids, &c.

Leander like I will remain,
Still constant to thee ever,
As Pyramus or Troilus
Till death our lives shall sever;
Let me be hated evermore
Of all men that me know,
If false to thee, sweetheart, I be,
Milking thy daddy's ewes.
All maids, &c.

Then modestly she did reply,
Might I so happy be,
Of you to find a husband kind,
And for to marry me;
Then to you I would, during life,
Continue constant still,
And be a true obedient wife,
Observing of your will.
With O the broom, the bonny broom,
The broom of Cowden Knowes,
Fain would I be in the north country,
Milking my daddy's ewes.

Thus with a gentle soft embrace,
 He took her in his arms,
 And with a kiss he smiling said,
 I'll shield thee from all harms,
 And instantly will marry thee,
 To ease thee of thy woes,
 And go with thee to the north country,
 To milk thy daddy's ewes.
 With O the broom, the bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowden Knowes,
 Fain would I be in my own country,
 Milking my daddy's ewes.

XIX.

“THE FICKLE NORTHERN LASS,

OR,

The Wronged Shepherd's Resolution.”

From a black letter copy printed by F. Coles, Vere,
 Wright, and Clarke.

THERE was a lass in the north country,
 And she had lovers two or three ;
 But she unkindly dealt by one
 Who had to her great favour shown,

Which made him thus for to complain,
I ne'er will see my love again,
For since that she hath changed her mind,
I'll trust no more to women-kind.

I gave her ribbons for to wear,
And now and then a pair of gloves,
But she unkindly dealt by me,
And gave them to her other loves,
But now in the country will I hie,
And for to seek a new victory.
For since that she hath changed her mind,
I'll trust no more to women-kind.

Sometimes she vow'd she did me love,
And I was apt for to believe,
But all her flattering words did prove
No more than baits for to deceive,
As I do find it to my pain,
Therefore I'll ne'er believe again,
For since that she hath changed her mind,
I'll trust no more to women-kind.

I must confess that in my eye,
She was a pearl I valued high,
But what is beauty without grace,
Or one where virtue hath no place,
Her false alluring smiles no more,
Shall draw my senses out of door,

For since that she hath changed her mind,
I'll trust no more to women-kind.

I gave her heart, I gave her hand,
And all I had at her command,
She could not ask what she would have,
But presently the same I gave.
Yet all my labours prov'd in vain,
For she would not requite my pain,
Then since that she hath changed her mind,
I'll trust no more to women-kind.

When I did think her most secure,
Another did her mind allure,
And by some crafty wiles she went,
To undermine my sweet content,
So that I now repent the day,
That ere I cast my love away.

For since that she hath changed her mind,
I'll trust no more to women-kind.

But now my resolution's such,
To suffer for my loving much,
All women's company I'll shun,
For fear I further be undone,
And go where none hath power to know,
The subject of my grief and woe.

For since that she hath changed her mind,
I'll trust no more to women-kind.

And in some dark and dismal place,
There will I build myself a cave,
And in some low and barren ground,
Where none but shepherds can be found,
I'll find a place for to bewail,
My sorrows which do me assail.

For since that she hath changed her mind,
I'll trust no more to women-kind.

Some shady desert I will choose,
Which other mortals all refuse,
And on the trees her name I'll carve,
That doth from me so ill deserve,
That future ages all may know,
What love to her I once did owe.

For since that she hath changed her mind,
I'll trust no more to women-kind.

The purling streams with me shall mourn,
And leaves relenting all shall turn,
The wood nymphs who my plaints do hear,
Shall now and then afford a tear,
All blaming her for cruelty,
That brought me to this misery.

For since that she hath changed her mind,
I'll trust no more to women-kind.

And when my time is drawing nigh,
I will prepare myself to die,

The robin redbreasts kind will be,
 Perhaps with leaves to cover me,
 Then to the world I'll bid adieu,
 And unto her that prov'd untrue,
 For since that she hath chang'd her mind,
 Young men beware of women-kind.

XX.

“THE STOUT CRIPPLE OF CORNWALL,

Wherein is shewed his dissolute life and deserved
 death.”

OF a stout cripple that kept the high-way,
 And begg'd for his living all time of the day,
 A story I'll tell you that pleasant shall be,
 The Cripple of Cornwall surnamed was he.

He crept on his hands and his knees up and down,
 In a torn jacket and a ragged torn gown,
 For he had never a leg to the knee,
 The Cripple of Cornwall surnamed was he.

He was of a stomach courageous and stout,
For he had no cause to complain of the gout;
To go upon stilts most cunning was he,
With a staff on his neck most gallant to see.

Yea, no good fellowship would he forsake,
Were it in secret a horse for to take,
His stool he kept close in an old hollow tree,
That stood from the city a mile two or three.

Thus all the day long he begg'd for relief,
And all the night long he play'd the false thief,
For seven years together this custom kept he,
And no man knew him such a person to be.

There were few graziers went on the way,
But unto the cripple for passage did pay,
And every brave merchant that he did descry,
He emptied their purses ere they did pass by.

The noble Lord Courtney, both gallant and bold,
Rode forth with great plenty of silver and gold,
At Exeter there a purchase to pay,
But that the false Cripple the journey did stay.

For why, the false Cripple heard tidings of late,
As he sat for alms at the nobleman's gate,
This is, quoth the Cripple, a booty for me,
And I'll follow it closely, as closely may be.

Then to his companions the matter he mov'd,
Which their false actions before had prov'd,
They make themselves ready and deeply they swear,
The money's their own before they come there.

Upon his two stilts the Cripple did mount,
To have the best share it was his full account,
All cloathed in canvas down to the ground,
He took up his place his mates with him round.

Then came the Lord Courtney with half a score men,
Yet little suspecting these thieves in their den,
And they perceiving them come to their hand,
In a dark evening bid them to stand.

Deliver thy purse, quoth the Cripple, with speed,
We be good fellows and therefore have need,
Not so, quoth Lord Courtney, but this I'll tell ye,
Win it and wear it, else get none of me.

With that the Lord Courtney stood in his defence,
And so did his servants, but ere they went hence,
Two of the true men were slain in this fight,
And four of the thieves were put to the flight.

And while for their safeguard they run thus away,
The jolly bold Cripple did hold them in play,
And with his pike-staff he wounded them so,
As they were unable to run or to go.

With fighting the Lord Courtney was out of breath,
And most of his servants were wounded to death,
Then came other horsemen riding so fast,
The Cripple was forced to fly at the last.

And over a river that run there beside,
Which was very deep, and eighteen foot wide,
With his long staff and his stilts leaped he,
And shifted himself in an old hollow tree.

Then throughout the city was hue and cry made,
To have these thieves apprehended and staid,
The Cripple he creeps on his hands and his knees,
And in the high-way great passing he sees.

And as they came riding he begging doth say,
O give me one penny, good masters, I pray,
And thus unto Exeter creeps he along,
No man suspecting that he had done wrong,

Anon the Lord Courtney he spies in the street,
He comes unto him and kisses his feet,
God save your honor and keep you from ill,
And from the hands of your enemies still.

Amen, quoth Lord Courtney, and therewith threw down
Unto the poor Cripple an English crown,
Away went the Cripple, and thus he did think,
Five hundred pounds more will make me to drink.

In vain that hue and cry it was made,
They found none of them though the country was laid,
But this grieved the Cripple night and day,
That he so unluckily mist of his play.

Nine hundred pound this Cripple had got,
By begging and thieving, so good was his lot,
A thousand pound he would make it, he said,
And then he would give over his trade.

But as he striv'd his mind to fulfill,
In following his actions so lewd and so ill,
At last he was taken the law to suffice,
Condemned and hanged at Exeter 'size.

Which made all men amazed to see,
That such an impudent cripple as he,
Should venture himself such actions as they,
To rob in such sort upon the high-way.

XXI.

“ LAMENTATION OF JOHN MUSGRAVE,

Who was executed at Kendal, for robbing the King's Receiver, and taking away from him great store of treasure.”

To lodge it was my chance of late,
At Kendal in the 'sizes week,
Where I saw many a gallant state
Was walking up and down the street.
Down Plumpton Park as I did pass,
I heard a bird sing in a glen :
The chiefest of her song it was,
Farewell the flower of serving-men.

Sometimes I heard the music sweet,
Which was delightful unto me ;
At length I heard one wail and weep,
A gallant youth condemned to die.

A gentleman of courage bold,
His like I never saw before ;
But when as I did him behold,
My grief it grew still more and more.

Of watery eyes there was great store,
 For all did weep that did him see,
 He made the heart of many sore,
 And I lamented for company.

To God above (quoth he) I call,
 That sent his son to suffer death,
 For to receive my sinful soul,
 As soon as I shall lose my breath.

O God I have deserved death,
 For deeds that I have done to thee,
 Yet never liv'd I like a thief,
 Till I met with ill company.

For I may curse the dismal hour,
 First time that I did give consent,
 For to rob the King's Receiver,
 And to take away his rent.

You gallants all be warned by me,
 Learn cards and dice for to refrain,
 Fly whores, eschew ill company,
 For these three things will breed you pain.

All earthly treasures are but vain,
 And worldly wealth is vanity:
 Search nothing else but heaven to gain,
 Remember all that we must die.

Farewell good fellows, less and more,
Be not dismay'd at this my fall :
I never did offend before,
John Musgrave all men did me call.

SECOND PART.

The bait beguiles the bonny fish,
Some care not what they swear or say ;
The lamb becomes the fox's dish,
When as the old sheep runs away :
Down Plumpton Park as I did pass,
I heard a bird sing in a glen,
The chiefest of her song it was,
Farewell the flower of serving-men.

The fowlers that the plovers get,
Take glistering glass their net to set ;
The ferret, when the mouth is cop't,
Doth drive the coney to the net.

The pike devours the salmon free,
Which is a better fish than himself :
Some care not how whose children cry
So that themselves may keep their pelf.

Farewell good people less and more,
 Both great and small that did me ken,
 Farewell rich, and farewell poor,
 And farewell all good serving men.

Now by my death I wish all know,
 That this same lesson you may teach,
 Of what degree of high or low,
 Climb not, I say, above your reach.

Good gentlemen, I you entreat,
 That have more sons than you have land,
 In idleness do not them keep,
 Teach them to labour with their hands.

For idleness is the root of evil,
 And this sin never goes alone ;
 But theft and robbery follows after,
 As by myself is plainly shewn.

For youth and age will not understand
 That friends in want they be but cold,
 If they spend their portions and lack land,
 They may go beg when they are old.

Farewell, farewell, my brethren dear,
 Sweet sisters make no dole for me,
 My death's at hand, I do not fear,
 We are all mortal, and born to die.

I know that Christ did die for me,
No earthly pleasures would I have,
I care not for the world a fly,
But mercy, Lord, of thee I crave.

Come, man of death, and do me right,
My glass is run, I cannot stay :
With Christ I hope to lodge this night,
And all good people for me pray.

The man of death his part did play,
Which made the tears blind many an eye
He is with Christ, as I dare say,
The Lord grant us that so we may.

XXII.

“JOCKIE IS GROWNE A GENTLEMAN.”

This Satire was most probably levelled against the numerous train of Scotch adventurers who wisely emigrated to England in the time of James the First, in the full expectation of being distinguished by the particular favour and patronage of their native sovereign. The realization of these hopes, and perhaps some disappointment of his own, excited the gall of the unknown Satirist, and produced this effusion. Its extreme rarity cannot be better exemplified than by simply stating, that no other copy of it was ever seen by Mr. Chalmers, whose knowledge respecting every subject of Scottish history and literature is proverbial: and the late Mr. Ritson absolutely questioned its existence till he was convinced of his error by the production of the original. The ensuing transcript is made from a very curious manuscript in the possession of the Rev. H. J. Todd, who has given an account of the other parts of the volume in his preliminary observations on the Sonnets of Milton.

WELL met, Jockie, whether * away?
 Shall we two have a worde or tway?
 Thow was so lousie the other day,
 How the devill comes thow so gay?
 Ha ha ha, by sweet St. An,
 Jockie is growne a gentleman.

* MS. *Whether* is the old spelling for *whither*, as in the 8th stanza also.

Thy shoes that thow wor'st when thow wenst to plow,
Were made of the hyde of a Scottish cow,
They are turnd into Spanish leather now,
Bedeckt with roses I know not how.

Ha ha ha, by sweet St. An,
Jockie is growne a gentleman.

Thy stockings that were of a northerne blew,
That cost not past 12d when they were new,
Are turnd into a silken hew,
Most gloriously to all men's vew.

Ha ha ha, by sweet St. An,
Jockie is growne a gentleman.

Thy belt that was made of a white leather thonge,
Which thow and thy father ware so longe,
Are turnd to hangers of velvet stronge,
With golde and pearle embroydred amonge.

Ha ha ha, by sweet St. An,
Jockie is growne a gentleman.

Thy garters that were of the Spanish say,
Which from the taylor thow stoll'st away,
Are now quite turnd to silk, they say,
With great broade laces fayre and gay.

Ha ha ha, by sweet St. An,
Jockie is growne a gentleman.

Thy doublet and breech that were so playne,
On which a louse could scarce remayne,
Are turnd to sattin, god a mercie brayne,
That thou by begging could'st this obtayne.

Ha ha ha, by sweet St. An,
Jockie is growne a gentleman.

Thy cloake which was made of a home-spun thread,
Which thou wast wonte to flinge on thy bed.
Is turnd into a skarlet red,
With golden laces aboute thee spread.

Ha ha ha, by sweet St. An,
Jockie is growne a gentleman.

Thy bonnet of blew which thou wor'st hether,
To keep thy skonce from wind and wether,
Is throwne away the devill knowes whether,
And turnd to a bever hat and feather.

Ha ha ha, by sweet St. An,
Jockie is growne a gentleman.

Westminster hall was covered with lead,
And so was St. John many a day ;
The Scotchmen have begd it to buy them bread ;
The devill take all such Jockies away !

Ha ha ha, by sweet St. An,
Jockie is growne a gentleman.

XXIII.

"THE COMPLAINT OF THE SHEPHEARD
HARPALUS."

[Black letter; for the assigns of Symcocke.]

Poor Harpalus opprest with love
Sat by a chrystal brook :
Thinking his sorrows to remove,
Oftimes therein to look,
And hearing how on pebble stones,
The murmuring river ran,
As if it had bewail'd his groans,
Unto it thus began.

Fair stream, quoth he, that pities me,
And hears my matchless moan,
If thou be going to the sea,
As I do now suppose,
Attend my plaints past all relief,
Which dolefully I breath,
Acquaint the sea nymphs with the grief
Which still procures my death.

Who sitting in the clifffy rocks
 May in their songs express,
 While as they comb their golden locks,
 Poor Harpalus' distress ;
 And so perhaps some passenger
 That passeth by the way,
 May stay, and listen for to hear,
 Them sing this doleful lay.

Poor Harpalus a shepherd swain
 More rich in youth than store,
 Lov'd fair Philena, hapless man,
 Philena oh therefore !
 Who still, remorseless-hearted maid,
 Took pleasure in his pain :
 And his good will, poor soul, repaid,
 With undeserv'd disdain.

Ne'er shepherd lov'd a shepherdess
 More faithfully than he,
 Ne'er shepherd yet beloved less
 Of shepherdess could be,
 How oft did he with dying looks,
 To her his woes impart,
 How oft his sighs did testify
 The dolour of his heart.

How oft from vallies to the hills
Did he his grief rehearse,
How oft re-echoed they his ills
Aback again alas !
How oft on barks of stately pines,
Of beech, of holly green,
Did he engrave in mournful lines
The grief he did sustain.

Yet all his plaints could have no place
To change Philena's mind,
The more his sorrows did encrease
The more she prov'd unkind,
The thought thereof with wearied care
Poor Harpalus did move,
That, overcome with high despair,
He lost both life and love.

XXIV.

SHEPHERD'S DELIGHT.

To the tune of Frog's Galliard.

[Black letter, for the Assigns of Symcocke.]

ON yonder hill there springs a flower,
 Fair befall the dainty sweet,
 And by that flower there stands a bower
 Where all the heavenly Muses meet,
 And in that bower there stands a chair,
 Fringed all about with gold,
 And therein sits the fairest fair
 That ever did mine eyes behold.

It was Phillida fair and bright,
 And the shepherd's only joy,
 She whom Venus most did spite,
 And the blinded little boy,
 It was she the wise, the rich,
 Whom all the world did joy to see,
 It was, Ipsa quæ, the which,
 There was none but only she.

Thou art the shepherd's queen,
Pity me, thy woful swain,
For by thy virtue have been seen
Dead men restored to life again;
Look on me now with thy fair eyes
One smiling look and I am gone,
Look on me for I am he,
Thy poor afflicted Corydon.

Dead I am to all delights,
Except thy mercy quicken me,
Grant, oh queen, or else I die,
A salve for this my malady,
The while we sing with cheerful noise,
Wood nymphs and satyrs all may play,
With silver sounding music's voice,
Rejoicing at this happy day.

XXV.

“THE NORTHERN LASSES LAMENTATION,

OR

The Unhappy Maid's Misfortune.”

“ Since she did from her friends depart,
No earthly thing can cheer her heart,
But still she doth her case lament,
Being always filled with discontent,
Resolving to do nought but mourn,
Till to the north she doth return.”

To the tune,—I would I were in my own country.

A NORTH country lass
Up to London did pass,
Although with her nature it did not agree,
Which made her repent,
And so often lament,
Still wishing again in the North for to be,
O the oak, the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
Do flourish at home in my own country.

Fain would I be,
In the north country,
Where the lads and the lasses are making of hay,
There should I see
What is pleasant to me,
A mischief light on them entic'd me away!
O the oak, the ash, and the bonny ivy tree
Do flourish most bravely in our country.

Since that I came forth
Of the pleasant North,
There's nothing delightful I see doth abound,
They never can be
Half so merry as we,
When we are a dancing of Sellinger's round.
O the oak, the ash, and the bonny ivy tree
Do flourish at home in our own country.

I like not the court,
Nor the city resort,
Since there is no fancy for such maids as me,
Their pomp and their pride
I can never abide;
Because with my humour it doth not agree.
O the oak, the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
Do flourish at home in my own country.

How oft have I been
 On the Westmorland green,
 Where the young men and maidens resort for to
 play,
 Where we with delight
 From morning till night,
 Could feast it and frolick on each holyday.
 O the oak, the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
 Do flourish most bravely in our country.

A milking to go,
 All the maids on a row,
 It was a fine sight and pleasant to see,
 But here in the city,
 They are void of pity,
 There is no enjoyment of liberty.
 O the oak, the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
 They flourish most bravely in our country.

When I had the heart
 From my friends to depart,
 I thought I should be a lady at last:
 But now do I find,
 That it troubles my mind,
 Because that my joys and pleasures are past.
 O the oak, the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
 They flourish at home in my own country.

The ewes and the lambs
With the kids and their dams,
To see in the country how finely they play,
The bells they do ring,
And the birds they do sing,
And the fields and the gardens so pleasant and gay.
O the oak, the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish most bravely in our country.

At wakes and at fairs
Being void of all cares,
We there with our lovers did use for to dance,
Then hard hap had I,
My ill fortune to try,
And so up to London my steps to advance.
O the oak, the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish most bravely in our country.

Yet still I perceive
I a husband might have,
If I to the city, my mind could but frame,
But I'll have a lad
That is north country bred,
Or else I'll not marry in the mind that I am.
O the oak, the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish most bravely in our country.

A maiden I am,
 And a maid I'll remain,
 Untill my own country again I do see,
 For here in this place
 I shall n'er see the face
 Of him, that's allotted my love for to be.
 O the oak, the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
 They flourish at home in my own country.

Then farewell my daddy,
 And farewell my mammy,
 Untill I do see you I nothing but mourn,
 Remembering my brothers,
 My sisters and others,
 In less than a year I hope to return;
 Then the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
 I shall see them at home in my own country.

XXVI.

A LOVER'S PRAISE OF HIS LADY.

[From the "Handefull of Pleasant Delites," 1584.]

"To Calen o Custure me: sung at everie lines end."

WHEN as I view your comely grace,
 Your golden hairs, your angel face,

Your azured veins much like the skies,
Your silver teeth, your christal eyes,
Your coral lips, your crimson cheek,
That Gods and men both love and leek.

Your pretty mouth with divers gifts,
Which driveth wise men to their shifts,
So brave, so fine, so trim, so young,
With heavenly wit, and pleasant tongue,
That Pallas though she she did excell,
Could frame, ne tell a tale so well.

Your voice so sweet, your neck so white,
Your body fine, and small in sight :
Your fingers long so nimble be,
To utter forth such harmony,
As all the Muses for a space,
To sit and hear, do give you place.

Your pretty foot with all the rest
That may be seen, or may be guest :
Doth bear such shape, that beauty may
Give place to thee, and go her way ;
And Paris now must change his doom,
For Venus, lo, must give thee room.

Whose gleams doth heat my heart as fier,
Although I burn, yet would I nigher,

Within myself then can I say,
The night is gone, behold the day :
Behold the star so clear and bright,
As dims the sight of Phoebus light.

Whose fame by pen for to discribe,
Doth pass each wight that is alive :
Then how dare I with boldned face
Presume to crave, or wish your grace?
And thus amazed as I stand,
Not feeling sense, nor mooving hand,

My soul with silence-mooving sense,
Doth wish of God with reverence,
Long life and virtue you possess
To match those gifts of worthiness ;
And love and pity may be spied
To be your chief and only guide.

XXVII.

“A PROPER SONG,

INTITULED,

Fain wold I have a pretie thing
To give unto my ladie.”

To the tune of—Lusty Gallant.

[From Robinson's “Handefull of Pleasant Delites,” 1584.]

F_AIN would I have a pretty thing
To give unto my lady,
I name no thing, nor I mean no thing,
But as pretty a thing as may be.

Twenty journeys would I make,
And twenty ways would hie me,
To make adventure for her sake
To set some matter by me.

Some do long for pretty knacks,
And some for strange devices,
God send me that my lady lacks,
I care not what the price is.

Some go here, and some go there
 Where gazes be not geason,*
 And I go gaping every where.
 But still come out of season.

I walk the town, and tread the street,
 In every corner seeking
 The pretty thing I cannot meet,
 That's for my lady's liking.

The mercers pull me going by,
 The silk wives say What lack ye?
 The thing you have not, then say I,
 Ye foolish fools go pack ye.

It is not all the silk in Cheap,
 Nor all the golden treasure,
 Nor twenty bushels on a heap,
 Can do my lady pleasure.

The gravers of the golden shows,
 With jewels do beset me,
 The semstress' in the shops that sew,
 They nothing do but let me.

* Where shows or public exhibitions are not uncommon.

But were it in the wit of man,
By any means to make it,
I could for money buy it then,
And say, Fair lady, take it.

O lady, what a luck is this,
That my good willing misseth
To find what pretty thing it is
That my good lady wisheth.

Thus fain would I have had this pretty thing
To give unto my lady:
I said no harm, nor I meant no harm,
But as pretty a thing as may be.

XXVIII.

BALLAD

FROM THE ROMANCE CALLED

“THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF FRAGOSA AND HIS
THREE SONS.” 1663.

“Then Albina think no more of Dorosa’s beauty or valiancy;
yea, if thou canst not quench the coales of desire with
forgetfulness, yet rake them up in the ashes of modesty;
bear a painted sheath with a leaden dagger, and a merry
countenance with a melancholy mind; and of all thy
father’s knights esteem Dorosa the least, yea, and so
much the less as he is the latest.

With this she taking her lute that lay at her bed’s head
warbled forth this ditty:”

ALL this night
By his might,
Love hath made my heart his cell;
Venus joy,
Wanton boy,
From mine eyes did rest expel.

Wanton sports,
Wily ports,

Slippery slights, and foolish love,
His intent,
To invent,
How to catch the simple dove.

Blinded boy,
Venus joy,
All thy god-head is a toy,
Power small
To enthrall,
Or to work my heart's annoy.

I have right
Armour bright,
Compound of rare chastity;
This I say
Night and day,
Shall withstand thy deity.

Then pack hence,
Hie thee hence,
Or with nettles I'll thee whip,
For thy sin
Thou shalt win
Scourges that will make thee skip.

XXIX.

“ A pleasant ditty of a mayden’s vow,
That faine would marry and yet knew not how.”

[From a black letter copy by H. G. id est, Henry Gosson.]

THERE was a lusty youthful lad
That lov’d a country lass,
And many a sweet discourse they had
As they alone did pass.
This young man he was apt to woo,
And well himself could carry,
The maid was kind, of yielding mind,
But yet she would not marry.

This young’s man’s heart was set on fire,
And still he did invent,
How he might compass his desire,
And frustrate her intent.
For still this maid said as before,
From all thy hopes I’ll bar thee,
Therefore begone, let me alone,
In sooth I will not marry.

This answer much dismayed him,
And troubled so his mind,
That he thereat lookt pale and grim,
And no content could find,
This maiden she was nothing mov'd,
Nor from her words would vary,
But constantly she did reply,
I'll never yield to marry.

My love, quoth he, is so entire,
And firm to thee, my dear,
Whose love again I much desire
With many a weeping tear,
Therefore sweet-heart be not unkind,
Nor say that thou wilt tarry,
But let me prove thy constant love,
And then consent to marry.

Didst thou but know the inward grief
I suffer for thy love ;
Thy flinty heart would yield relief,
Or more obdurate prove :
My legs are grown so weak, that they
My body scarce can carry,
Then yield relief to ease my grief,
And give consent to marry.

No, no, quoth she, thy flatt'ring tongue
 Shall ne'er obtain his suit,
 Thy tempting words have done me wrong,
 Therefore I pray be mute :
 For I am fully purposed
 Henceforth to be more wary ;
 Therefore away, make no delay,
 For in sooth I will not marry.

He asked her the reason why
 She would reject him so :
 She would not wed, she did reply,
 For friend nor yet for foe :
 Quoth she, my years are yet but green,
 I am young enough to tarry
 This twelve-month's day, therefore away,
 'Tis time enough to marry.

Quoth he, it makes me half despair,
 And troubleth my mind,
 That one so comely and so fair,
 Should ere prove so unkind :
 Therefore sweet-heart tell me the cause,
 That thou so much doth vary,
 From all the minds of women-kind,
 As to refuse to marry.

SECOND PART.

Didst thou but know the sweet delights,
That marriage doth afford.
And how fair ladies, lords, and knights,
In marriage bed accord ;
Thou would'st not fondly make reply,
Th' art young enough to tarry,
But be content, and give consent
Without delay to marry.

He that says love is vanity,
Shall ne'er persuade me to it,
Nor yet deny a courtesy,
If any one will do it :
For I have made a vow, quoth she,
And sworn by great King Harry,
That till I have the thing I crave,
I will not yield to marry.

If I had known the cause, quoth he,
Why thou didst make denial,
I quickly would have proffer'd thee
A sweet contending trial :
Which would have made thee soon consent,
Though thou wert ne'er so wary,
And never more say as before,
I'll never yield to marry.

Then use your wit, the maid replied,
 For now you know the cause,
 A maiden's No proves often Aye
 To yield to Hymen's laws,
 If you prove kind, the maiden said,
 Consent and do not tarry,
 And then I soon will change this tune,
 And quickly yield to marry.

With that the young man bad her, but
 Keep secret and prove kind,
 And he would verify her oath,
 And satisfy her mind :
 Quoth she, I will be satisfied
 If that thou dost not vary,
 But yet, in troth, I am very loath
 To give my grant to marry.

With that they both concluded were,
 But wot you how she sped,
 By consequence it did appear
 That it her liking bred,
 For when her oath was verified
 That she swore by King Harry,
 She never stay'd, but quickly said,
 Sweetheart now let us marry.

This young's man's love was quickly cold,
That here betwixt them past,
Quoth he, I will not be too bold,
Least I repent at last :
For he that weds too hastily,
Had need for to be wary,
Least he repent he gave consent
Without advice to marry.

Fair maidens all take good advice
Before you give consent,
Unto your loves in any wise
These follies to prevent;
For she that to perform her vow,
So long a time did tarry,
Was brought to shame, and much defame,
Before that she did marry.

XXX.

THE MAID'S COMPLAINT OF HER
MOTHER.

[From "the Muses Garden. 1610."]

My father fain would have me take
A man that hath a beard,
My mother she cries out, a-lack !
And makes me much afraid,
Forsooth I am not old enough,
Now surely this is goodly stuff,
Faith let my mother marry me,
Or else my father bury me.

For I have liv'd these fourteen years,
My mother knows it well,
What need she then to cast such fears,
Can any body tell !
As though young women do not know
That custom will not let them woo ;
I would be glad if I might chuse,
But I were mad if I refuse.

My mother bids me go to school,
And learn to do some good,
'Twere well if she would let the fool,
Come home and suck a dug,
As if my father knew not yet
That maidens are for young men fit;
Give me my mind and let me wed,
Or you shall quickly find me dead.

How soon my mother hath forgot
That ever she was young,
And how that she denied not,
But sung another song,
I must not speak what I do think,
When I am dry I may not drink;
Though her desire be now grown old
She must have fire when she is cold.

You see the mother loves the son,
The father loves the maid;
What, would she have me be a nun?
I will not be delay'd,
I will not live thus idle still,
My mother shall not have her will,
My father speaketh like a man,
I will be married do what she can.

XXXI.

“A rare example of a virtuous maid in Paris, who was by her own mother procured to be put in prison, thinking thereby to compel her to Popery: but she continued to the end, and finished her life in the fire.”

Tune is—O man in desperation.

It was a lady's daughter,
Of Paris properly,
Her mother her commanded
To mass that she should hie :
O pardon me, dear mother,
Her daughter dear did say
Unto that filthy idol
I never can obey.

With weeping and wailing
Her mother then did go,
To assemble her kinsfolks,
That they the truth may know ;
Who being then assembled
They did this maiden call,
And put her into prison,
To fear her therewithal.

But where they thought to fear her,
She did most strong endure,
Although her years were tender,
Her faith was firm and sure.
She weigh'd not their allurements,
She fear'd not fiery flames,
She hop'd thro' Christ her Saviour
To have immortal fame.

Before the judge they brought her,
Thinking that she would turn,
And there she was condemned
In fire for to burn ;
Instead of golden bracelets,
With cords they bound her fast,
My God, grant me with patience
(Quoth she) to die at last.

And on the morrow after,
Which was her dying day,
They stript this silly damsel,
Out of her nice array,
Her chain of gold so costly,
Away from her they take,
And she again most joyfully
Did all the world forsake.

Unto the place of torment
They brought her speedily,
With heart and mind most constant,
She willing was to die,
But seeing many ladies
Assembled in that place,
These words she then pronounced,
Lamenting of their case.

You ladies of this city,
Mark well my words (quoth she) ;
Although I shall be burned
Yet do not pity me,
Yourselves I rather pity,
And weep for your decay ;
Amend your time, fair ladies,
And do no time delay.

Then came her mother weeping
Her daughter to behold,
And in her hand she brought her
A book covered with gold :
Throw hence, quoth she, that idol,
Convey it from my sight ;
And bring me hither my Bible,
Wherein I take delight.

But my distressed mother
Why weep you? be content,
You have to death delivered me,
Most like an innocent :
Tormentor do thy office
On me when thou think'st best,
But God, my heavenly Father,
Will bring my soul to rest.

But oh, my aged father,
Wherever thou dost lie,
Thou know'st not thy poor daughter
Is ready for to die ;
But yet amongst the angels
In heaven I hope to dwell,
Wherefore, my loving father,
I bid thee now farewell.

Farewell likewise my mother,
Adieu my friends also,
God grant that you by others,
May never feel such woe.
Forsake your superstition,
The cause of mortal strife,
Embrace God's true religion,
For which I lose my life.

When all these words were ended,
 Then came the man of death,
 Who kindled soon a fire,
 Which stopt this virgin's breath,
 To Christ her only Saviour,
 She did her soul commend,
 Farewell, quoth she, good people,
 And thus she made an end.

XXXII.

THE MAD MAN'S MORRICE.

HEAR'D you not lately of a man,
 That went besides his wits,
 And naked through the street he ran,
 Wrapt in his frantic fits?
 My honest neighbours, it is I,
 Hark, how the people flout me,
 See where the mad man comes ! they cry,
 With all the boys about me.

Into a pond stark-naked I ran
And cast away my cloaths, Sir,
Without the help of any man
Made shift to get away, Sir,
How I got out I have forgot,
I do not well remember,
Or whether it was cold or hot,
In June or in December.

Tom Bedlam's but a sage to me,
I speak in sober sadness,
For more strange visions do I see
Than he in all his madness
When first to me this chance befel,
About the market walkt I,
With capon's feathers in my cap,
And to myself thus talkt I :

Did you not see my love of late,
Like Titan in her glory?
Did you not know she was my mate,
And I must write her story,
With pen of gold on silver leaf,
I will so much befriend her,
For why I am of that belief,
None can so well commend her.

Saw you not angels in her eyes,
 Whilst that she was a speaking?
 Smelt you not smells like Paradise
 Between two rubies breaking?
 Is not her hair more pure than gold,
 Or finest spider's spinning?
 Methinks in her I do behold
 My joys and woes beginning.

Is not a dimple in her cheek,
 Each eye a star that's starting?
 Are not all graces install'd in her,
 Each step all joys imparting?
 Methinks I see her in a cloud,
 With graces round about her;
 To them I call and cry aloud
 I cannot live without her.

Then raging towards the sky I rove,
 Thinking to catch her hand,
 O then to Jove I call and cry
 To let her by me stand,
 I look behind, and there I see
 My shadow me beguile,
 I wish she were as near to me,
 Which makes my worship smile.

There is no creature can compare
With my beloved Nancy :
Thus I build castles in the air,
This is the fruit of fancy ;
My thoughts mount high above the sky,
Of none I stand in awe,
Although my body here doth lie
Upon a pad of straw.

I was as good a harmless youth
Before base Cupid taught me,
Or his own mother, with her charms
Into this case had brought me :
Stript and whipt now must I be,
In Bedlam bound in chains ;
Good people, now you all may see,
What love hath for his pains.

When I was young as others are,
With gallants did I flourish,
O then I was the properest lad
That was in all the parish,
The bracelet that I us'd to wear,
About my arms so tender,
Are turned into iron plates
About my body slender.

My silken suits do now decay,
 My cups of gold are vanished,
 And all my friends do wear away,
 As I from them were banished,
 My silver cups are turn'd to earth,
 I'm jeered by every clown;
 I was a better man by birth,
 Till fortune cast me down.

I'm out of frame, and temper too,
 Though I'm somewhat chearful,
 O this can love and fancy do,
 If that you be not careful:
 O set a watch before your eyes,
 Least they betray your heart,
 And make you slaves to vanities,
 To act a mad man's part.

Declare this to each mother's son,
 Unto each honest lad;
 Let them not do as I have done,
 Lest they like me grow mad:
 If Cupid strike, be sure of this,
 Let reason rule affection,
 So shalt thou never do amiss
 By reason's good direction.

I have no more to say to you,
My keepers now do chide me,
Now must I bid you all adieu,
God knows what will betide me :
To picking straws now must I go,
My time in Bedlam spending,
Good folks you your beginning know,
But do not know your ending.

XXXIII.

URCHIN'S DANCE.

[From a very rare Collection of Songs, called—Hunting,
Hawking, Dancing, &c. ; set to music by Bennet, Piers,
and Ravenscroft, 4to.]

By the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day ;
As we frisk the dew doth fall,
Trip it, little Urchins all,
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
And about go we, go we.

XXXIV.

THE ELVES DANCE.

[From the same Collection.]

DARE you haunt our hallow'd green ?

None but fairies here are seen.

Down and sleep,

Wake and weep,

Pinch him black, and pinch him blue,

That seeks to steal a lover true.

When you come to hear us sing,

Or to tread our fairy ring,

Pinch him black, and pinch him blue,

O thus our nails shall handle you.

XXXV.

“OLD CHRISTMAS RETURNED,

OR,

HOSPITALITY REVIVED;

Being a Looking-glass for rich Misers, wherein they may see (if they be not blind) how much they are to blame for their penurious house-keeping, and likewise an encouragement to those noble-minded gentry, who lay out a great part of their estates in hospitality, relieving such persons as have need thereof:

Who feasts the poor, a true reward shall find,
Or helps the old, the feeble, lame and blind.”

To the tune of—The Delights of the Bottle.

ALL you that to feasting and mirth are inclin'd,
Come here is good news for to pleasure your mind,
Old Christmas is come for to keep open house,
He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse :
Then come boys, and welcome for diet the chief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

A long time together he hath been forgot,
They scarce could afford for to hang on the pot ;

Such miserly sneaking in England hath been,
As by our forefathers ne'er us'd to be seen ;
But now he's returned you shall have in brief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

The times were ne'er good since Old Christmas was fled,
And all hospitality hath been so dead,
No mirth at our festivals late did appear,
They scarcely would part with a cup of March beer ;
But now you shall have for the ease of your grief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

The butler and baker, they now may be glad,
The times they are mended, though they have been bad ;
The brewer, he likewise may be of good cheer,
He shall have good trading for ale and strong beer,
All trades shall be jolly, and have for relief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

The holly and ivy about the walls wind,
And show that we ought to our neighbours be kind,
Inviting each other for pastime and sport,
And where we best fare, there we most do resort,
We fail not of victuals, and that of the chief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

The cooks shall be busied by day and by night,
In roasting and boiling, for taste and delight ;

Their senses in liquour that's nappy they'll steep
Though they be afforded to have little sleep ;
They still are employed for to dress us in brief
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

Although the cold weather doth hunger provoke,
'Tis a comfort to see how the chimneys do smoke,
Provision is making for beer, ale and wine ;
For all that are willing or ready to dine,
Then haste to the kitchen, for diet the chief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

All travellers as they do pass on their way,
At gentlemen's halls are invited to stay
Themselves to refresh, and their horses to rest,
Since that he must be Old Christmas's guest,
Nay, the poor shall not want, but have for relief
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

Now Mock-beggar-hall it no more shall stand empty,
But all shall be furnisht with freedom and plenty,
The hoarding old misers who us'd to preserve
The gold in their coffers, and see the poor starve,
Must now spread their tables, and give them in brief
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

The court and the city, and country are glad,
Old Christmas is come to cheer up the sad,

Broad pieces and guineas about now shall fly,
And hundreds be losers by cogging a die,
Whilst others are feasting with diet the chief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

Those that have no coin at the cards for to play,
May sit by the fire, and pass time away,
And drink off their moisture contented and free,
“My honest good fellow, come, here is to thee,”
And when they are hungry, fall to their relief
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

Young gallants and ladies shall foot it along,
Each room in the house to the musick shall throng,
Whilst jolly carouses about they shall pass,
And each country swain trip about with his lass ;
Meantime goes the caterer to fetch in the chief
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

The cooks and the scullion, who toil in their frocks,
Their hopes do depend upon their Christmas box :
There is very few that do live on the earth,
But enjoy at this time either profit or mirth ;
Yea those that are charged to find all relief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

Then well may we welcome Old Christmas to town,
Who brings us good cheer, and good liquor so brown,

To pass the cold winter away with delight,
We feast it all day, and we frolick all night,
Both hunger and cold we keep out with relief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef.

Then let all curmudgeons who dote on their wealth,
And value their treasure much more than their health,
Go hang themselves up, if they will be so kind,
Old Christmas with them but small welcome shall find,
They will not afford to themselves without grief,
Plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies, and roast-beef,

XXXVI.

“THE MERRY HOASTEES :

OR,

A pretty new Ditty, compos'd by an Hoastess that
lives in the city

To wrong such an Hoastess it were a great pitty,
By reason she caused this pretty new Ditty.”

C O M E all that love good company,
And hearken to my ditty,
'Tis of a lovely hostess fine,
That lives in London city ;

Which sells good ale, nappy and stale,
And always thus sings she,
My ale was tunnd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

Her ale is lively, strong and stout,
If you please but to taste;
It is well brew'd you need not fear,
But I pray you make no waste;
It is lovely brown, the best in town,
And always thus sings she,
My ale was tunnd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

The gayest lady with her fan,
Doth love such nappy ale,
Both city maids and country girls
That carry the milking pail:
Will take a touch and not think much
To sing so merrily,
My ale was tunnd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

Both lord and esquire hath a desire
Unto it night and day,
For a quart or two be it old or new,
And for it then will pay:

With pipe in hand they may her command
To sing most merrily,
My ale was tunnd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

You'r welcome all brave gentlemen,
If you please to come in,
To take a cup I do intend,
And a health for to begin :
To all the merry jovial blades,
That will sing for company,
My ale was tunnd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

Here's a health to all brave Englishmen,
That love this cup of ale ;
Let every man fill up his can,
And see that none do fail :
'Tis very good to nourish the blood,
And make you sing with me,
My ale was tunnd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

SECOND PART.

The bonny Scot will lay a plot
 To get a handsome touch
 Of this my ale, so good and stale,
 So will the cunning Dutch :
 They will take a part with all their heart,
 To sing this tune with me,
 My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
 And a little above my knee.

It will make the Irish cry A hone !
 If they but take their fill,
 And put them all quite out of tune,
 Let them use their chiefest skill,
 So strong and stout it will hold out
 In any company,
 For my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
 And a little above my knee.

The Welchman on St. David's day
 Will cry, cots plutter a nail,
 Hur will hur ferry quite away,
 From off that nappy ale :
 It makes hur foes with hur red nose,
 Hur seldom can agree,
 But my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
 And a little above my knee.

The Spaniard stout will have about,
'Cause he hath store of gold,
Till at the last, he is laid fast,
My ale doth him so hold :
His poignard strong is laid along,
Yet he is good company,
For my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

There's never a tradesman in England,
That can my ale deny,
The weaver, tailor and glover
Delight it for to buy,
Small money they do take away,
If that they drink with me,
For my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

There is smug the honest blacksmith,
He seldom can pass by,
Because a spark lies in his throat
Which makes him very dry :
But my old ale tells him his tale,
So finely we agree,
For my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
And a little above my knee.

The brewer, baker and butcher,
 As well as all the rest,
 Both night and day will watch where they
 May find ale of the best :
 And the gentle craft will come full oft,
 To drink a cup with me,
 For my ale was tunn'd when I was young,
 And a little above my knee.

So to conclude good fellows all,
 I bid you all adieu,
 If that you love a cup of ale,
 Take rather old than new,
 For if you come where I do dwell,
 And chance to drink with me,
 My ale was tunn'd when I was young,
 And a little above my knee.

XXXVII.

“ THE LITTLE BARLEY-CORN :

Whose properties and vertues here
Shall plainly to the world appeare ;
To make you merry all the yeere.”

To the tune of Stingo.

COME, and do not musing stand,
If thou the truth discern ;
But take a full cup in thy hand
And thus begin to learn,
Not of the earth nor of the air,
At evening or at morn,
But jovial boys your Christmas keep
With the little barley-corn.

It is the cunningest alchymist
That e'er was in the land,
’Twill change your mettle when it list,
In turning of a hand.
Your blushing gold to silver wan,
Your silver into brass ;
’Twill turn a taylor to a man,
And a man into an ass.

'Twill make a poor man rich to hang
 A sign before his door,
 And those that do the pitcher bang,
 Though rich, 'twill make them poor,
 'Twill make the silliest poorest snake
 The King's great porter scorn ;
 'Twill make the stoutest lubber weak,
 This little barley-corn.

It hath more shifts than Lamb e'er had,
 Or Hocus-pocus too ;
 It will good fellows shew more sport
 Than Bankes his horse could do :
 'Twill play you fair above the board,
 Unless you take good heed,
 And fell you, though you were a lord,
 And justify the deed.

It lends more years unto old age,
 Than e'er was lent by nature ;
 It makes the poet's fancy rage,
 More than Castalian water.
 'Twill make a huntsman chase a fox,
 And never wind his horn ;
 'Twill cheer a tinker in the stocks,
 This little barley-corn.

It is the only Will o' the Wisp
Which leads men from the way ;
'Twill make the tongue-tied lawyer lisp,
And nought but hic-up say.
'Twill make the steward droop and stoop,
His bill he then will scorn,
And at each post cast his reckoning up,
This little barley-corn.

'Twill make a man grow jealous soon,
Whose pretty wife goes trim,
And rail at the deceiving moon
For making horns at him :
'Twill make the maiden's trimly dance,
And take it in no scorn,
And help them to a friend by chance,
This little barley-corn.

It is the neatest serving-man,
To entertain a friend ;
It will do more than money can
All jarring suits to end.
There's life in it, and it is here,
'Tis here within this cup ;
Then take your liquor, do not spare,
But clear carouse it up.

“The Second Part of the little Barley-Corn,
That cheareth the heart both evening and morne.”

If sickness come this physick take,
It from your heart will set it,
If fear encroach, take more of it,
Your heart will soon forget it.
Apollo and the Muses nine
Do take it in no scorn,
There's no such stuff to pass the time
As the little barley-corn.

'Twill make a weeping willow laugh,
And soon incline to pleasure;
'Twill make an old man leave his staff,
And dance a youthful measure;
And though your clothes be ne'er so bad,
All ragged, rent, and torn,
Against the cold you may be clad
With little barley-corn.

'Twill make a coward not to shrink,
But be as stout as may be,
'Twill make a man that he shall think
That Joan's as good as my lady.

It will enrich the palest face,
And with rubies it adorn,
Yet you shall think it no disgrace,
This little barley-corn.

'Twill make your gossips merry,
When they their liquor see,
Hey, we shall ne'er be weary,
Sweet gossip here's to thee ;
'Twill make the country yeoman
The courtier for to scorn ;
And talk of law-suits o'er a can
With this little barley-corn.

It makes a man that write cannot
To make you large indentures,
When as he reeleth home at night,
Upon the watch he ventures ;
He cares not for the candle-light,
That shineth in the horn,
Yet he will stumble the way aright
This little barley-corn.

'Twill make a miser prodigall,
And shew himself kind hearted,
'Twill make him never grieve at all
That from his coin hath parted,

Twill make the shepherd to mistake
 His sheep before a storm,
 'Twill make the poet to excell,
 This little barley-corn.

It will make young lads to call
 Most freely for their liquor,
 'Twill make a young lass take a fall
 And rise again the quicker :
 'Twill make a man that he
 Shall sleep all night profoundly,
 And make a man, what'er he be,
 Go about his business roundly.

Thus the barley-corn hath power,
 Even for to change our nature,
 And makes a shrew, within an hour,
 Prove a kind-hearted creature :
 And therefore here, I say again,
 Let no man take 't in scorn,
 That I the virtues do proclaim
 Of the little barley-corn.

XXXVIII.

“THE GOOD FELLOW’S FROLICK,

OR,

Kent Street Clubb.”

HERE is a crew of jovial blades
That lov’d the nut-brown ale :
They in an alehouse chanc’d to meet,
And told a merry tale :
A bonny Seaman was the first,
But newly come to town ;
And swore that he his guts could burst,
With ale that was so brown.

See how the jolly Carman he
Doth the strong liquor prize,
He so long in the alehouse sat,
That he drank out his eyes :
And groping to get out of door,
(Sot like) he tumbled down,
And there he like a madman swore,
He lov’d the ale so brown.

The nimble Weaver he came in,
 And swore he'd have a little;
 To drink good ale it was no sin,
 Though 't made him pawn his shuttle:
 Quoth he, I am a gentleman,
 No lusty country clown,
 But yet I love, with all my heart,
 The ale that is so brown.

Then next the Blacksmith he came in,
 And said 'twas mighty hot;
 He sitting down did thus begin,
 Fair maid, bring me a pot:
 Let it be of the very best,
 That none exceeds in town,
 I tell you true, and do not jest,
 I love the ale so brown.

The prick-louse Taylor he came in,
 Whose tongue did run so nimble,
 And said he would engage for drink
 His bodkin and his thimble:
 For though with long thin jaws I look,
 I value not a crown,
 So I can have my belly full
 Of ale that is so brown.

The lusty Porter passing by
With basket on his back,
He said that he was grievous dry,
And needs would pawn his sack :
His angry wife he did not fear,
He valued not her frown ;
So he had that he lov'd so dear,
I mean the ale so brown.

The next that came was one of them
Was of the gentle craft,
And when that he was wet within,
Most heartily he laugh'd,
Crispin was ne'er so boon as he,
Tho' some kin to a crown,
And there he sat most merrily
With ale that was so brown.

But at the last a Barber he
A mind had for to taste ;
He called for a pint of drink
And said he was in haste :
The drink so pleas'd he tarried there,
Till he had spent a crown ;
'Twas all the money he could spare
For ale that is so brown.

A Broom-man, as he passed by,
 His morning draughts did lack,
 Because that he no money had,
 He pawn'd his shirt from his back :
 And said that he without a shirt,
 Would cry brooms up and down,
 But yet, quoth he, I'll merry be
 With ale that is so brown.

But when all these together met,
 Oh what discourse was there,
 'Twould make one's hair to stand an end,
 To hear how they did swear !
 One was a fool and puppy dog,
 The other was a clown,
 And there they sat, and swill'd their guts
 With ale that was so brown.

The landlady they did abuse,
 And call'd her nasty whore,
 Quoth she, do you your reckoning pay
 And get you out of door :
 Of them she could no money get,
 Which caused her to frown,
 But loath they were to leave behind
 The ale that was so brown.

XXXIX.

LONDON'S ORDINARY,

OR,

Every Man in his Humour.

To a pleasant new Tune.

[From a black letter copy printed by Coles, Vere, Wright,
and Clarke.]

THROUGH the Royal Exchange as I walked,
Where gallants in satin did shine :
At midst of the day they parted away
At several places to dine.

The gentry went to the King's-head,
The nobles unto the Crown,
The knights unto the Golden Fleece,
And the ploughman to the Clown.

The clergy will dine at the Mitre,
The vintners at the Three Tuns,
The usurers to the Devil will go,
And the friars unto the Nuns.

The ladies will dine at the Feathers,
The Globe no captain will scorn,
The huntsman will go to the Greyhound below,
And some townsmen to the Horn.

The plumber will dine at the Fountain,
The cooks at the Holy Lamb,
The drunkards, at noon, to the Man in the Moon,
And the cuckolds to the Ram.

The roarers will dine at the Lion,
The watermen at the Old Swan,
The bawds will to the Negro go,
And the whores to the Naked Man.

The keepers will to the White Hart,
The mariners unto the Ship,
The beggars they must take their way
To the Eggshell and the Whip.

The farriers will to the Horse,
The blacksmith unto the Lock,
The butchers to the Bull will go,
And the carmen to Bridewell Dock.

The fishmongers unto the Dolphin,
The bakers to the Cheat Loaf,
The turners unto the Ladle will go,
Where they may merrily quaff.

The taylor will dine at the Sheers,
The shoemakers will to the Boot,
The Welshmen they will take their way,
And dine at the sign of the Goat.

The hosiers will dine at the Leg,
The drapers at the sign of the Brush,
The fletchers to Robin Hood will go,
And the bargemen to the Scoop.

The carpenters will dine at the Axe,
The colliers will dine at the Sack,
Your fruiterer he to the Cherry-Tree,
Good fellows no liquor will lack.

The goldsmiths to the Three Cups,
Their money they count as dross,
Your Puritan to the Pewter Can,
And your Papists to the Cross.

The weavers will dine at the shuttle,
The glovers will unto the Glove,
The maidens all to the Maidenhead,
And true lovers unto the Dove.

The saddlers will dine at the Saddle,
The painters to the Green Dragon,
The Dutchman will go to the sign of the Vrow,
Where each man may drink his flaggon.

The chandlers will dine at the Scales,
The salters at the sign of the Bag,
The porters take pain at the Labour-in-vain,
And the horse-courser to the White Nag.

Thus every man in his humour,
From north unto the south,
But he that hath no money in his purse,
May dine at the sign of the Mouth.

The swaggerers will dine at the Fencers,
But those that have lost their wits,
With Bedlam Tom let there be there home,
And the Drum the drummer best fits.

The cheater will dine at the Chequer,
The pick-pocket at a blind alehouse,
Till taken and tried, up Holborn they ride,
And make their end at the gallows.

XL.

"THE CRUELL SHROW ;

OR,

The Patient Man's Woe.

Declaring the misery and the great paine,
By his unquiet wife he doth dayly sustaine."

To the tune of—Cuckolds all arowe.

[From a black letter copy, printed for Henry Gosson.]

COME bachelors and married men,
And listen to my song,
And I will shew you plainly then
The injury and wrong,
That constantly I do sustain
By the unhappy life,
The which does put me to great pain
By my unquiet wife.

She never linnes her bawling,
Her tongue it is so loud,
But always she'll be railing
And will not be controuled :

For she the breeches still will wear,
 Although it breeds my strife,
 If I were now a bachelor,
 I'd never have a wife.

Sometimes I go in the morning
 About my daily work,
 My wife she will be snorting,
 And in her bed she'll lurk,
 Untill the chimes do go at eight,
 Then she'll begin to wake,
 Her morning's draught well spiced straight,
 To clear her eyes she'll take.

As soon as she is out of bed,
 Her looking-glass she takes,
 So vainly is she daily led,
 Her morning's work she makes,
 In putting on her brave attire,
 That fine and costly be,
 While I work hard in dirt and mire
 Alack what remedy?

Then she goes forth a gossiping,
 Amongst her own comrades,
 And then she falls a boosing
 With her merry blades :

When I come from my labour hard,
Then she'll begin to scold,
And call me rogue without regard,
Which makes my heart full cold.

When I come home into my house,
Thinking to take my rest ;
Then she'll begin me to abuse,
Before she did but jest :
With out, you rascal, you have been
Abroad to meet your whore,
Then she takes up a cudgel's end,
And breaks my head full sore.

When I for quietness sake desire,
My wife for to be still,
She will not grant what I require
But swears she'll have her will :
Then if I chance to heave my hand,
Straightway she'll murder cry,
Then judge all men that here do stand,
In what a case am I.

SECOND PART.

And if a friend by chance me call,
To drink a pot of beer,
Then she'll begin to curse and brawl,
And fight, and scratch, and tear :

And swears unto my work she'll send
 Me straight without delay,
 Or else with the same cudgel's end,
 She will me soundly pay.

And if I chance to sit at meat
 Upon some holiday,
 She is so sullen she'll not eat,
 But vex me ever and ay ;
 She'll pout and lower, and curse and bann,
 This is the weary life,
 That I do lead, poor harmless man,
 With my most dogged wife.

Then is not this a piteous cause,
 Let all men now it try,
 And give their verdicts by the laws
 Between my wife and I,
 And judge the cause who is to blame,
 I'll to their judgment stand,
 And be contented with the same,
 And put thereto my hand.

If I abroad go any where,
 My business for to do,
 Then will my wife anon be there,
 For to encrease my woe :

Straightway she such a noise will make,
With her most wicked tongue,
That all her mates her part to take
About me soon will throng.

Thus am I now tormented still,
With my most cruel wife,
All through her wicked tongue so ill,
I am weary of my life :
I know not truly what to do,
Nor how myself to mend ;
This lingering life doth breed my woe,
I would 't were at an end.

O that some harmless honest man,
Whom death did so befriend,
To take his wife from off his hand,
His sorrows for to end :
Would change with me to rid my care,
And take my wife alive,
For his dead wife unto his share,
Then I would hope to thrive.

But so it likely will not be,
That is the worst of all,
For to encrease my daily woe,
And for to breed my fall :

My wife is still most froward bent,
Such is my luckless fate,
There is no man will be content
With my unhappy state.

Thus to conclude, and make an end
Of these my verses rude,
I pray all wives for to amend,
And with peace to be endued :
Take warning all men by the life,
That I sustained long,
Be careful how you choose a wife,
And so I'll end my song.

XLI.

"THE MERRY CARELESSE LOVER:

OR,

A pleasant new Ditty, called,

I love a lasse since yesterday,
And yet I cannot get her."

To the tune of—The Mother beguiled the Daughter.

[From a black letter copy, printed for Coules.]

OFt have I heard of many men,
Whom love hath sore tormented,
With grief of heart and bitter smart,
And minds much discontented,
Such love to me shall never be
distasteful, grievous, bitter.
I have loved a lass since yesterday,
And yet I cannot get her.
But let her choose, if she refuse,
And go to take another,
I will not grieve, but still will be
The merry careless lover.

I will no foolish lover be
 To waste my means upon her,
 But if she do prove firm to me,
 In heart I will her honour,
 And if she scorn my part to take
 I know a way to fit her;
 My heart with grief shall never ache,
 What man soever get her.
 Then let her choose if she refuse,
 And go to take another.
 I will not grieve but still will be
 The merry careless lover.

And yet I know not what to think,
 She makes a show she loves me,
 What need I fear from me she'll shrink,
 Some foolish passion moves me,
 Sometimes to hope, sometimes to fear
 It hangs upon a twitter;
 Whether she hates or loves me dear,
 To lose her or to get her.
 But let her choose, if she refuse, &c.

Some women they are firm in love,
 And some they are uncertain,
 Scarce one in twenty loyal prove,
 Yet if it were my fortune,

To get this lass unto my wife,
 I know not one more fitter,
 In lawful love to lead our lives,
 If 't were my hap to get her,
 But let her choose, &c.

I am a man indifferent,
 Whether she will or will not,
 My sweet-heart be, for love to me,
 If she does not, it skills not,
 If she fancy me, I'll constant be,
 This lass she is a knitter,
 And I have loved her since yesterday,
 But yet I cannot get her.
 But let her choose, if she refuse,
 And go to take another,
 I'll never grieve but still will be,
 The merry careless lover,

SECOND PART.

This lass she doth in Yorkshire live,
 There in a town called Forset,
 Her mind to labour she doth give,
 She can knit silk or worsted,

I know not well what I should say,
 In speech she's sometimes bitter,
 And I have her lov'd since yesterday,
 And yet I cannot get her.
 But let her choose if she refuse,
 And go to take another,
 I'll never grieve, but still will be
 The merry careless lover.

Sometimes she will upon me smile,
 And sometimes she is sullen,
 As she doth sit, and stockings knit
 Of jarsy and of woollen,
 She gets the praise above the rest
 To be a curious knitter,
 She loves me as she doth profess,
 And yet I cannot get her.
 But let her choose, &c.

Her portion is not very much,
 But for the same what care
 So she with me will but keep touch,
 And not in mind will vary;
 For pelf I do not pass a straw,
 Her beauty likes me better,
 For I have lov'd her since yesterday,
 And yet I cannot get her.
 But let her choose, &c.

I will bethink me what is best,
A way for to be taken,
Her love to gain, and her obtain,
I would not be forsaken;
Nor would I have her say me nay,
Nor give me speeches bitter,
For I have lov'd her since yesterday,
And yet I cannot get her.
But let her choose, &c.

I have her father's free consent,
That she with me should marry,
Her mother likewise is content,
And grieves that she should carry
So proud a mind, or be unkind
To me in speeches bitter;
For I bear to her a loving mind,
And yet I cannot get her,
But let her choose, &c.

With her I at a wedding was,
Where we did dance together,
She is a curious handsome lass,
And yet like wind and weather
Her mind doth change, she's kind, she's strange,
Mild, gentle, cruel, bitter,
Yet howsoere I love her dear,
And yet I cannot get her,
But let her choose, &c.

Yet will I hope upon the best,
 All foolish fears excluding,
 And at her faithful service rest.
 Thus here in brief concluding,
 With some dear friend to her I'll send
 A kind and loving letter,
 And hope in time her love to gain,
 And for my wife to get her.
 And then I'll sing with merry cheer
 This ditty and no other,
 Whilst breath does last, and life be past,
 I'll be a faithful lover.

FINIS.

By Robert Guy.

XLI.

"THE MARRIED MAN'S LESSON:

OR,

A Disswasion from Jealousie."

To the tune of—All you that will woo a Wench.

You men who are married come hearken to me,
 I'll teach you a lesson if wise you will be,
 Then take my advice that's intended for good,
 And so 'tis if it be but well understood :
 'Twill cause you to shun all contention and spleen,
 That daily betwixt man and woman are seen,
 I speak against jealousy, that monster fierce,
 And wish I could conquer the fiend with my verse,
 O be not thou jealous, I prithee, dear lad,
 For jealousy makes many good women bad.

If thou have a good wife then I thee advise,
 To cherish her well, for she is a rare prize,
 If she be indifferent between good and bad,
 Good means to reform her may easily be had :
 If she be so evil that there are few worse,
 Imagine thy sins have deserved that curse,

Then bear with true patience thy cross as 't is fit,
And thou to a blessing thereby may'st turn it,
But be not thou jealous, I prithee, dear lad,
For jealousy makes many good women bad.

Between these three wives, the good, bad, and the mean,
I ground the whole argument of this my theme,
For in them a man's human bliss or his woe
Doth chiefly consist as experience doth show,
Thus is it not counsel that's worthy regard,
Which teaches to soften a thing that is hard,
And what I intend is in every man's will
To turn to a virtue what seemeth most ill.
Then be not thou jealous, I prithee, dear lad,
For jealousy makes many good women bad.

A wife that is good, being beautiful, may
Perhaps raise suspicion, that she'll go astray,
O note the fond humours that most men possess,
They're neither content with the more nor the less,
For if she be homely, then her will he slight,
Such man neither fair nor foul can delight,
If once he be jealous the other he scorns,
There's no greater plague than imagin'd horns.
Then be not thou jealous, I prithee, dear lad,
For jealousy makes many good women bad.

A wife that's indifferent between good and ill,
Is she that in houswifery shews her good will,

Yet sometimes her voice she too much elevates,
Is that the occasion for which he her hates?
A sovereign remedy for this disease
Is to hold thy tongue, let her say what she please:
Judge, is not this better than to fight and scratch,
For silence will soonest a shrew overmatch.
However I pray thee shun jealousy, lad,
For jealousy makes many good women bad.
A wife that's all bad, if thy luck be to have,
Seek not to reclaim her by making her slave,
If she be as bad as ever trod on ground,
Not fighting or jealousy will heal thy wound:
For mark when a river is stopt in its course,
It o'erflows the banks, then the danger is worse,
Thy own example and patience withall,
May her from her vices much rather recall.
Then be not thou jealous, I prithee, dear lad,
For jealousy makes many good women bad.

SECOND PART.

A wife that is virtuous in every respect,
Who doth her vow'd duty at no time neglect,
She's not free from censure, for fools their bolts shoot
As oft at the head as they do at the foot:
A kiss or a smile, or a jest or a dance,
Familiar discourse, or an amorous glance,

All these, as her witness, Envy doth bring,
The credit of innocent women to sting.
But be not thou jealous, I pray thee, dear lad,
For jealousy makes many good women bad.

A wife's that's indifferent if curb'd overmuch,
Will grow worse and worse, for their nature is such.
The more thou with rigor doth seek her to mend,
The more they'll persist, and grow desperate in th' end.
And thus from indifferency wanting good means,
Some well meaning women turn impudent queans.
If goodness, by beating them, thou seek'st to infuse,
For breaking her flesh thou all goodness dost bruise.

A wife at the worst (as I told you before)
A drunkard, a swearer, a scold, thief, or whore,
By gentle persuasions reclaimed may be,
Myself by experience but lately did see;
A man that with jealousy plagued hath been,
When he the last labour and trouble had seen,
He cast off his care and refer'd all to 's wife,
Who soon left her vices and led a new life.

I also have known a wife, handsome and neat,
Of whom her fond husband did take a conceit,
That other men lov'd her because she was fair,
Though on the contrary to him she did swear,
He watcht her, he eyed her, he noted her ways,
And once he in 's drink a scandal would raise,

This usage irregular set her on fire,
And so from thenceforward she prov'd him no liar.

Consider each circumstance with good regard,
How oft causeless jealousy wins due reward,
And likewise I wish thee to bear in thy breast,
That patience and quietness still is the best,
For if she be naught she'll grow worse with restraint,
But patience may make of a harlot a saint,
If fair means prevail not thou'll ne'er do it by foul,
For meekness (if any thing) must win a soul.

Now, lastly, to both men and women I speak,
From this foolish fancy their humours to break ;
Be loving and tractable each unto other,
And what is amiss let affection still smother.
So shall man and wife in sympathy sweet,
At board and at bed (as they ought to do) meet,
All fighting, and scratching, and scolding shall cease,
Where jealousy's harbour'd there can be no peace.
Then be not thou jealous, I pray thee, dear lad,
For jealousy makes many good women bad.

XLII.

“ A merry jest of John Tomson, and Jackaman his wife,
Whose jealousie was justly the cause of all their strife.”

To the tune of Pegge of Ramsay.

WHEN I was a bachelor,
I liv'd a merry life,
But now I am a married man,
And troubled with a wife,
I cannot do as I have done,
Because I live in fear;
If I go but to Islington
My wife is watching there.
Give me my yellow hose again,
Give me my yellow hose,
For now my wife she watcheth me,
See yonder where she goes.

But when I was apprentice bound,
And my indentures made,
In many faults I have been found,
Yet never thus afraid;

For if I chance now by the way
A woman for to kiss,
The rest are ready for to say,
Thy wife shall know of this.
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

Thus when I come in company,
I pass my mirth in fear,
For one or other merrily
Will say my wife is there;
And then my look doth make them laugh,
To see my woeful case,
How I stand like John hold-my-staff,
And dare not shew my face.
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

Then comes a handsome woman in,
And shakes me by the hand,
But how my wife she did begin,
Now you shall understand;
Fair dame (quoth she) why dost thou so,
He gave his hand to me,
And thou shalt know, before thou go,
He is no man for thee.
Give me, &c.

Good wife (quoth she) now do not scold,
 I will do so no more,
 I thought I might have been so bold,
 I knowing him before.
 With that my wife was almost mad,
 Yet many did intreat her,
 And I, God knows, was very sad
 For fear she would have beat her.
 Give me my yellow hose, &c.

Thus marriage is an enterprise,
 Experience doth shew,
 But scolding is an exercise,
 That married men do know;
 For all this while there were no blows,
 Yet still their tongues were talking,
 And very fain would yellow hose
 Have had her fists a walking.
 Give me, &c.

In comes a neighbour of our town,
 An honest man, God wot,
 And he must needs go sit him down,
 And call in for his pot.
 And said to me, I am the man
 Which gave to you your wife,
 And I will do the best I can
 To mend this wicked life.

Give me my yellow hose again,
Give me my yellow hose,
For now my wife she watcheth me,
See yonder where she goes.

SECOND PART.

I gave him thanks and bad him go,
And so he did indeed,
And told my wife she was a shrew,
But that was more than need.
Saith he, thou hast an honest man,
And one that loves thee well,
Saith she, you are a fool, good Sir,
It's more than you can tell.
Give me my yellow hose, &c.

And yet in truth he loveth me,
But many more beside,
And I may say, good Sir, to thee,
That cannot I abide.
For though he loves me as his life,
Yet now, Sir, wot you what,
They say he loves his neighbour's wife,
I pray you how like you that?
Give me, &c.

Saith he, I hope I never shall
 Seek fancy fond to follow,
 For love is lawful unto all,
 Except it be too yellow.
 Which lieth like the jaundice so,
 In these our women's faces,
 That watch their husbands where they go,
 And haunt them out in places.
 Give me my yellow hose, &c.

Now comes my neighbour's wife apace,
 To talk a word or two,
 My wife then meets her face to face,
 And saith, Dame is it you,
 That makes so much of my good man,
 As if he were your own,
 Then clamp as closely as you can?
 I know it will be known.
 Give me, &c.

Now when I saw the woman gone,
 I call'd my wife aside,
 And said, why art thou such a one,
 That thou canst not abide
 A woman for to talk with me,
 This is a woeful case,
 That I must keep no company,
 Except you be in place.
 Give me, &c.

This maketh bachelors to halt
So long before they wed,
Because they hear that women now
Will be their husband's head.
And seven long year I tarried
For Jakaman my wife,
But now that I am married,
I'm weary of my life.
Give me, &c.

For yellow love is too too bad,
Without all wit or policy,
And too much love hath made her mad,
And fill'd her full of jealousy.
She thinks I am in love with those
I speak to passing by :
That makes her wear the yellow hose
I gave her for to dye.
Give me, &c.

But now I see she is so hot,
And lives so much at ease,
I will go get a soldier's coat,
And sail beyond the seas :
To serve my captain where and when,
Though it be to my pain,
Thus farewell, gentle Jakaman,
Till we two meet again.
Give me, &c.

Quoth she, good husband, do not deal

Thus hardly now with me,

And of a truth I will reveal

My cause of jealousy :

You know I always paid the score,

You put me still in trust :

I saved twenty pound and more,

Confess it needs I must.

Give me, &c.

But now my saving of the same,

For aught that I do know,

Made Jealousy to fire her frame

To weave this web of woe ;

And thus this foolish love of mine

Was very fondly bent,

But now my gold and goods are this,

Good husband be content.

Give me, &c.

And thus to lead my life anew

I fully now purpose,

That thou may'st change thy coat of blue,

And I my yellow hose.

This being done, our country wives

May warning take by me,

How they do live such jealous lives,

As I have done with thee.

Give me my yellow hose again,
 Give me my yellow hose;
 For now my wife she watcheth me,
 See yonder where she goes.

XLIII.

Countryman's Bill of Charges for his coming up to
 London, declared by a Whistle.

Tune—King Henry, &c.

DI O G E N E S that laugh'd to see
 A mare once eat a thistle,
 Would surely smile and laugh the while,
 To hear me sing my whistle,
 For now 'tis meant we must invent
 A silent way of ringing,
 And so for fear least some should hear,
 Must whistle 'stead of singing.
 With a hey down, with a how down
 With a haw down, down, down derry,
 Since that we may
 Nor sing, nor say
 We'll whistle and be merry.

A countryman to London came
 To view the famous city,
 And here his charge did grow so large,
 It made me write this ditty,
 For in a bill he set down still
 His charge from the beginning,
 Which I did find, and now do mind,
 To whistle stead of singing.
 With a hey down, &c.

Imprimis, coming unto town,
 And at my inn alighting,
 I almost spent a noble crown
 In potting and in piping :
 Item, that the tapster there,
 My jugs half full did bring in,
 I dare not say he was a K.
 But I'll whistle instead of singing.
 With a hey down, &c.

Item, that I went abroad,
 And had my purse soon picked,
 While I did stare on London ware,
 By a pick-purse I was fitted :
 Item, that I met a wench,
 That put me down in drinking,
 I dare not say what she made me pay,
 But I'll whistle instead of singing.
 With a hey down, &c.

Item, that I met withall
A very loving cousin,
Who needs would be of my country,
And gave me half a dozen,
And at the last a pair of cards
They cunningly did bring in,
I will not say what they made me pay,
But I'll whistle instead of singing.
With a hey down, &c.

Item, that I daily went
Unto my lawyer's chamber,
And he did say, I should win the day
Without all fear or danger.
But then at last, for charge and cost
He such a bill did bring in,
I will not say what he made me pay,
But I'll whistle instead of singing.
With a hey down, &c.

Item, that I paid for there
A bagpipe in a bottle,
Which did begin to hiss and sing
When we did stir the stopple.
Item, that one night I did lie
In the Counter for my drinking,
I will not say what I paid next day,
But I'll whistle instead of singing.
With a hey down, &c.

Item, that at last I came
 To take my horse again,
 But my horse look't never worse,
 His belly did complain,
 For he alas ! for want of hay,
 Stood o'er the manger grinning,
 Yet they made me pay for night and day,
 But I'll whistle instead of singing.

SECOND PART,

OR,

Countryman's going down into the Country, declared by
 a Whistle, to the same tune.

THUS having got from London once,
 He rid full heavy hearted,
 For like an honest man, he had
 From all his money parted ;
 His cloak-bag full of papers was,
 Instead of money gingling,
 I dare not boast what those papers cost,
 But I'll whistle 'stead of singing.
 With a hey down, &c.

Imprimis, coming home, he found
His good wife Joan a brewing,
And did not defer, but unto her
His papers fell to shewing,
But when she saw, nothing but law,
She fell to scold and flinging,
But all that day he kept away
And whistled 'stead of singing.
With a hey down, &c.

Item, that he went to plough,
Which whiles that he was driving,
Alas! says he, what fools are we,
In law to fall a striving.
For now I mean to keep my teams,
Which shall good profit bring in,
I must drive on, my money's gone,
And whistle 'stead of singing.
With a hey down, &c.

Item, that his neighbours came
To ask what news at London,
Alas, says he, more wiser be,
For fear that you be undone.
Spend not at term what you do earn,
Whilst that your wives are spinning,
Which makes me now to drive the plough,
And whistle 'stead of singing.
With a hey down, &c.

For be it known unto you all,
 That I my money spende,
 Such fools as I will beggars die,
 Before their lives are ended;
 Therefore beware, and have more care,
 When that your money is gingling,
 Least when 'tis spent you do repent,
 And whistle 'stead of singing.
 With a hey down, &c.

Yet one more item I will add,
 Since that my song is ended,
 My item's this, that I would wish
 No man to be offended;
 With all my items but to save
 His money when 'tis gingling,
 Least when 'tis spent he do repent,
 And whistle 'stead of singing.
 With a hey down, &c.

XLIV.

“How Robin Good-Fellow went in the shape of a Fidler to a Wedding, and of the sport that he had there.”

[From the second part of Robin Good-Fellow, commonly called Hob Goblin. 4to. 1628.]

To the tune of—Watton Townes end.

IT was a country lad,
That fashions strange would see,
And he came to a vaulting schoole,
Where tumblers use to be :
He lik't his sport so well,
That from it he'd not part
His doxey to him still did cry,
Come busse thine owne sweet heart.

They lik't his gold so well,
That they were both content,
That he that night with his sweet heart,
Should passe in merry-ment :
To bed they then did goe,
Full well he knew his part,
Where he with words, and eke with deedes,
Did busse his owne sweet heart.

Long were they not in bed.
But one knockt at the dore,
And said, Up ! rise, and let me in :
This vext both knave and whore ;
He being sore perplext,
From bed did lightly start,
No longer then could he indure
To busse his owne sweet heart.

With tender steps he trod,
To see if he could spye
The man, that did him so molest,
Which he with heavy eye
Had soone beheld, and said,
Alas ! my owne sweet heart
I now doe doubt if ere we busse,
It must be at a cart.

At last the bawd arose
And opened the dore,
And saw Discretion cloth'd in rug,
Whose office hates a whore :
He mounted up the stayres,
Being cunning in his arte,
With little search, at last he found
My youth and his sweet heart.

He having wit at will,
Unto them both did say :
I will not heare them speak one word,
Watch-men with them away ;
And cause they lov'd so well,
'Tis pittie they should part :
Away with them to new bride-well,
There busse your owne sweet heart.

His will it was fulfil'd,
And there they had the law :
And whilst that they did nimbly spin,
The hempe he needs must taw :
He ground, he thump't, he grew
So cunning in his arte,
He learnt the trade of beating hempe,
By bussing his sweet heart.

But yet he still would say,
If I could get release,
To see strange fashions I'le give o're,
And henceforth live in peace,
The towne where I was bred,
And thinke by my desert
To come no more into this place,
For bussing my sweet heart.

XLV.

“ True Relation of one Susan Higges, dwelling in Risborow, a towne in Buckinghamshire, and how she lived 20 yeeres, by robbing on the high wayes, yet unsuspected of all that knew her; till at last coming to Messeldon, and there robbing and murdering a woman; which woman knew her, and standing by her while she gave three groanes, she spat three drops of blood in her face, which never could be washt out, by which shee was knowne, and executed for the aforesaid murder, at the assises in Lent at Brickhill.”

To the tune of—The Worthy London Prentice.

To mourn for my offences,
And former passed sins,
This sad and doleful story,
My heavy heart begins:
Most wickedly I spent my time,
Devoid of godly grace,
A lewder woman never liv'd,
I think in any place.

Near Buckingham I dwelled,
And Susan Higges by name,
Well thought of by good gentlemen,
And farmers of good fame;

Where thus for twenty years at least,
I liv'd in gallant sort :
Which made the country marvel much
To hear of my report.

My state was not maintained,
(As you shall understand)
By good and honest dealings,
Nor labours of my hand,
But by deceit and cozening shifts
The end whereof we see,
Hath ever been repaid with shame,
And ever like to be.

My servants were young country girls,
Brought up unto my mind,
By nature fair and beautifull,
And of a gentle kind :
Who with their sweet enticing eyes
Did many youngsters move,
To come by night unto my house,
In hope of further love.

But still at their close meetings
(As I the plot had laid)
I stept in still at unawares,
While they the wantons play'd,

And would in question bring their names,
 Except they did agree,
 To give me money for this wrong,
 Done to my house and me.

This was but petty cozenage
 To things that I have done,
 My weapon by the highway side,
 Hath me much money won :
 In men's attire I oft have rode
 Upon a gelding stout,
 And done great robberies valiantly,
 The countries round about.

I had my scarfes and vizors
 My face for to disguise,
 Sometimes a beard upon my chin,
 To blind the people's eyes :
 My Turkey blade and pistols good,
 My courage to maintain,
 Thus took I many a farmer's purse
 Well cram'd with golden gain.

Great store of London merchants,
 I boldly have bid stand,
 And shewed myself most bravely,
 A woman of my hand :

You ruffling roysters every one,
In my defence say then
We women still for gallant minds
May well compare with men.

SECOND PART.

But if so be it chanced
The countries were beset,
With hue, and cries, and warrants,
Into my house I get,
And I so being with my maids,
Would cloak the matter so,
That no man could, by any means,
The right offender know.

Yet God that still most justly
Doth punish every vice,
Did bring unto confusion,
My fortunes in a trice ;
For by a murder all my sins
Were strangely brought to light,
And such desert I had by law
As justice claim'd by right.

Upon the heath of Misseldon,
I met a woman there,
And robb'd her as from market
Homewards she did repair,
Which woman call'd me by my name,
And said that she me knew,
For which even with her life's dear blood
My hands I did embrue.

But after I had wounded
This woman unto death,
And that her bleeding body
Was almost reft of breath:
She gave a groan, and therewithall
Did spit upon my face
Three drops of blood, that never could
Be wiped from that place.

For after I returned
Unto my house again,
The more that I it wash'd
It more appeared plain:
Each hour I thought that beasts and birds
This murder would reveal,
Or that the air so vile a deed
No longer would conceal.

So heavy at my conscience
This woeful murder lay,
That I was soon enforced,
The same for to bewray,
And to my servants made it known,
As God appointed me,
For blood can never secret rest,
Nor long unpunisht be.

My servants to the justices
Declar'd what I had said,
For which I was attached,
And to the jail convey'd,
And at the 'sizes was condemn'd,
And had my just desert,
E'en such a death let all them have,
That bear so false a heart.

So farewell, earthly pleasure,
My 'quaintance all adieu,
With whom I spent the treasure,
Which causeth me to rue.
Leave off your wanton pastimes,
Lascivious and ill,
Which without God's great mercy
Both soul and body kill.

Be warned by this story
 You ruffling roysters all :
 The higher that you climb in sin,
 The greater is your fall :
 And since the world so wicked is,
 Let all desire grace,
 Grant, Lord, that I the last may be
 That runneth such a race !

XLVI.

THE MAIDEN'S TRAGEDY,

OR,

A brief Account of a young Damsell near Wolver-
 hampton, who cut her throat in despair, because
 she could not have the man she loved.

To the tune of Russell's Farewell.

NEAR Wolverhampton liv'd a maid,
 Who fell into despair,
 Her yielding heart was soon betray'd,
 Into Love's fatal snare :

A young man courted her we find,
And seeming love did shew,
Yet after all he prov'd unkind,
Which wrought her overthrow.

Here do I languish in distress,
The youthful damsel cried,
To see his most unfaithfulness,
All round on every side :
I nothing see but clouds of grief,
And storms of bitter woe,
It's death alone must yield relief,
Love proves my overthrow.

False-hearted Thomas call to mind,
The solemn vows you made,
That you would never prove unkind,
And can you now degrade
Your loyal lover now at last,
And fill my heart with woe,
Which will my life and glory blast,
And prove my overthrow.

I courted was both day and night,
At length I gave consent,
This done my love he straight did slight,
And leaves me to lament;

As if he took delight to see
 Mine eyes like fountains flow,
 Oh, most ungrateful man, said she,
 Love proves my overthrow.

Not long ago he did adore,
 My very charms, he cried,
 Was ever man so false before,
 In all the world beside ?
 A harmless lover to deceive,
 And drown in tears of woe,
 This world I am resolv'd to leave,
 Love proves my overthrow.

The killing torment that I feel,
 Doth such a passion raise,
 That I no longer can conceal
 The sorrows of my days ;
 I'll hasten death this very day,
 To ease my heart of woe,
 I find there is no other way,
 Love proves my overthrow.

Thus being fill'd with discontent,
 She took a bloody knife,
 In desperate sort resolv'd and bent
 To cut the thread of life :

Down from her throat the reeking gore
In purple streams did flow,
And though she lay a week and more,
It prov'd her overthrow.

With grief and sorrow compass'd round,
She languish'd night and day,
At length her fatal bleeding wound,
Did take her quite away:
And all along before she died,
Her eyes with tears did flow,
Likewise she wrung her hands and cried,
Love proves my overthrow.

Farewell to him who is the cause
Of all my grief and care,
Had he been true to Cupid's laws,
I solemnly declare,
We might have liv'd in happiness,
In love and peace I know;
But sorrows do my soul oppress,
And prove my overthrow.

Though now at present he may have
Content, and pleasure find,
When I am sleeping in my grave,
He then will call to mind,

Who caus'd this present wretched state,
And fill his heart with woe,
And then he may repent too late
My dismal overthrow.

XLVII.

THE YOUNG SEAMAN'S MISFORTUNE,

OR,

The False-hearted Lass of Limehouse.

[From the Pepys Collection.]

To the tune of the Spinning-wheel. Licensed according
to order.

YOU loyal lovers far and near,
That live and reign in Cupid's court,
I'd have you freely lend an ear,
While I my sorrows do report:
She that I lov'd has left me o'er;
I'll never trust a woman more.

In her I plac'd my chief delight,
And was her captive night and day;
For why? her charming beauty bright
Had clearly stole my heart away:
But she will not my joys restore;
I'll never trust a woman more.

On board of ship I chanc'd to go,
To serve our good and gracious king:
Now when she found it must be so,
She did her hands in sorrow wring,
Yet wedded when I left the shore;
I'll never trust a woman more.

My dearest love, she often cry'd,
Forbear to sail the ocean sea;
If fortune shall us now divide,
Alas! what will become of me?
This she repeated ten times o'er!—
I'll never trust a woman more.

A thousand solemn vows I made,
And she return'd the like again,
That no one should our hearts invade,
But both in loyal love remain;
Yet she another had in store!
I'll never trust a woman more.

I was obliged to leave the land,
 And ready to go hoist up sail,
 At which tears in her eyes did stand,
 And bitterly she did bewail ;
 Yet she another had in store !
 I'll never trust a woman more.

I gave her then a ring of gold,
 To keep in token of true love,
 And said, My dearest dear behold !
 I evermore will loyal prove.
 She married when I left the shore !
 I'll never trust a woman more.

Five months I ploughed the ocean main,
 With courage void of dread and fear ;
 At length with joy return'd again
 To the embraces of my dear.
 But she another had in store !
 I'll never trust a woman more.

Constancy doth torture me,
 And make my sorrows most severe;
 Like a keen dart it pierc'd my heart,
 For why ? I did the tydings hear,
 As soon as e'er I came on shore !
 I'll never trust a woman more,

Now must I wander in despair,
 I find it is the Fates' decree;
 My grief is more than I can bear,
 I can love none alive but she :
 Farewell, farewell, my native shore !
 I'll never trust a woman more.

XLVIII.

THE PLEASANT HISTORY OF DORASTUS
 AND FAUNIA.

Into Bohemia dwelt a king,
 Pandosto high, to name :
 He had a queen, Bellaria call'd,
 Fair, beauteous, and of fame.

He had a friend Egestus call'd,
 A king of great renown,
 And for love of Pandosto he
 Did leave his land and crown.

And to Bohemia he did sail,
 Pandosto for to see :
 Who with Bellaria, his queen,
 Receiv'd him royally.

Royall Bellaria lov'd her lord
 Which her constrain'd and mov'd,
 To welcome his most noble friend,
 Whom he most dearly lov'd.

This King and Queen familiar growes,
 Pandosto he beholds
 Bellaria with Egestus walk,
 (Array'd in robes of gold.)

Into the garden, hand in hand,
 He sees them sporting go,
 Pandosto groweth jealous straight,
 And turn'd Egestus foe.

One Franion, his cup bearer,
 He doth unto him call :
 And chargeth him with poyson strong
 To make Egestus fall,

Franion refus'd, but yet the king
 With threats did him ov'rset :
 And with fair words, when he had done,
 Promised to make him great.

But Franion the cup bearer
 This matter did reveal ;
 And with Egestus secretly
 Away by night did steal ;

Thinking it better were for him
 Never to see his king,
 Than traitorously, without a cause,
 To do so vile a thing.

Pandosto's jealousy more burns,
 When he saw they were gone ;
 And for Bellaria he sent,
 Who quickly to him came,

And with wilde speeches in his ire,
 His noble queen blasphem'd :
 And with the wilde name of a whore,
 In his fierce wrath her nam'd.

With speed he calls a parliament,
 And her in prison cast,
 Intending till he took her life,
 Therefore to keep her fast,

It is her hap to be with child,
 Which when the king doth see,
 Then more and more his wrath doth burn
 In that mad jealousy.

Still swearing his queen's life to have ;
 But here begins the strife,
 For all the parliament did seek
 To save Bellaria's life.

He swears she and her child shall die,
 His nobles all before,
 Go fetch, he says, to parliament,
 That filthy odious whore.

In vain thus with the King they strive,
 Yet one brave lord at last
 Gives forth his vote to save the Queen,
 And forth his verdict past.

Send quickly post to Delphus Isle
 To Apollo and see,
 And at that Oracle enquire
 To know the veritie.

And to this lord they all agreed,
 And quickly sent away
 Men, who till they to Delphus came,
 Posted both night and day.

And having their devotions done,
 Apollo cry'd at last,
 Bohemians that which ye find
 Behind the altar cast.

Take up: but do not look thereon,
Nor let no man it see,
Till that ye both before the King
And parliament shall be.

The scrol they took and posted home,
The King doth them require,
To see the scrol, which he did think
Would satiate his desire.

But they him told what charge they got,
When they did it receive:
And also what instructions
Apollo to them gave;

The parliament conveens, the King
From prison brought the Queen:
Which was but newly brought to bed,
And was a woman green;

Whose child the King caus'd 'take her from,
And said to death put straight
That bastard brat, and let it not
Appear into my sight.

The executioners abhor'd
So vile a cruel deed:
And in a boat unto the sea,
They do it send with speed.

Which neither sail nor ruther had,
Nor company therein,
And to seas fury they commit
It for to sink or swim.

With trees branches an arbor made,
Therein a purse of gold,
And with rich jewels from the Queen,
This babe they there uproll'd.

A storm arose, this little boat
Drives to Egestus land,
A shepherd, that was keeping sheep,
Doth find it on the sand.

He looks upon the child's beautie,
Covered with cloath of gold
The like his eyes did never see,
So glorious to behold.

He surely thought it was a god,
And down he kneels to pray:
But when the child began to cry,
He bore it thence away.

The jewels and the gold he takes,
And calls the child his own:
And Faunia he doth her name,
Who grew a beauteous one.

So that her fame came unto court,
The prince came her to see :
Who having lookt this nymph upon,
Was ravisht presently.

Dorastus was the prince's name.
Who with a full intent,
Most earnestly did sue for love,
With thousand complements.

With modest meekness she refus'd,
Saying she'd love him dear,
If that she equall were with him,
Or he a shepherd were.

At last the prince his father told,
But he right furiously,
Says who's this entysde my son,
I vow that he shall die.

This to prevent, the prince provides
A ship to save their life ;
And with one servant and his love,
The shepherd and his wife :

To sea they go, and they arrive
In her own father's land :
But let us of her mother speak,
Which doth in judgment stand.

Apollo's answer to the King,
And all his parliament;
Which to this purpose spake, was read,
Which made the King lament.

Suspicion is no proof at all,
Jealousie judgeth wrong:
Egestus and the Queen are chaste,
True Franion did no wrong.

Treacherously Pandosto's guiltless babe,
Is sent unto the sea,
And if she be not found again,
He without child shall die.

With tears the King seeks to comfort
His royal loving wife.
But before all the parliament,
In his armes ends her life.

For brevitie I do omit,
To show how all did mourn:
To Dorastus and Faunia,
I purpose to return.

That beauteous couple privately,
Did pass their time away;
The King took of her beauty heed,
For they near court did stay.

The King with fair words, and with threats,
Did seek her love to gain :
But constantly she him refus'd,
His sute was all in vain.

In prison all the King them cast,
The shepherd and his wife,
Dorastus, and fair Faunia,
Swearing to take her life.

The shepherd's first examined,
Whom of that knight was come :
Who presently did plain confess,
He's King Egestus son.

From prison then the King him brought,
And doth him honour much :
The shepherd hath to prison sent,
And Faunia forth do fetch.

Fair Faunia is now brought forth,
And doth in judgment stand ;
How dost thou whore entyse this prince,
Or in his presence stand ?

This spake the King 'twixt ire and lust,
And brought the shepherd syne,
Which, fraught with fear of death, did say,
She is no child of mine.

I found her in a little boat,
 Her cloaths I'le let you see;
 And chain that was about her neck,
 I have all here by me.

Her chains and bracelets he did show,
 To the King presently:
 Also the mantle with his armes,
 Which on his bed did ly.

Which when the King did all behold,
 Remembering what was past,
 He presently gave them his crown,
 And he to cloister past.

Egestus to their wedding came,
 And reconciled was
 Unto Pandosto, who to him
 Did cry full oft, alace !

For my sweet Queen Bellaria fair,
 And for this sinful lust,
 Which to my daughter I conceiv'd,
 And for my thoughts unjust.

To thee, my friend and neighbour true,
 And for my sinful life,
 To monastrie I now will go,
 Till death shall end my strife.

Royall Dorastus, and his Queen,
 Without all kind of strife,
 Of both the lands receiv'd the crown,
 After Egestus life.

Judge all now of Bohemia's joy,
 How every one did sing:
 A joyful noise in every place,
 Through all the land did ring.

Which when the King did all behold,
 Remembering what was past,
 He presently gave them his crown,
 And he to cloister past.

Egestus to their wedding came,
 And reconciled was
 Unto Dorastus, who to him
 Did cry full oft, alas!

For my sweet Queen Bellaria fair,
 And for this sinful lust,
 Which to my daughter I conceiv'd,
 And for my thoughts unjust.

To thee, my friend and neighbour true,
 And for my sinful life,
 To monastrie I now will go,
 Till death shall end my strife.

XLIX.

DEATH OF IFFIDA.

From "The Romance of the History of Palmendos, son to the most renowned Palmerin d'Oliva." 1653.

"The mother and her daughter ran furiously on Palmendos, labouring to do him what injury they could: but he (unwilling to hurt them), suffered their violence, till Ozalioe's squire seeing their impatience, and fearing with their knives they would in the end murder him, took up one of the guards hatchets, and therewith deprived the mother of her life.

"Iffida extremely raging at this grievous spectacle, rent her hair from her head, and with her nails, most cruelly martyred her face; then being suddenly surprised with a raging apoplexy, she presently died without using any more speeches. The Page grieving to behold this woeful accident, determined not to live any longer after her; but first upon the wall he wrote certain dolorous verses, which afterward were converted to a funeral ditty, in this manner:"

DEAD is the bud of beauty's chief delight,
The fairest flower on whom the sun d idshine,
The choice belov'd of many a famous knight,
The pride of honour, precious and divine :
The lovely maid of whom the nymphs did sing,
That nature never fram'd so rare a thing

Had Paris seen this wondrous piece of art,
Proud Venus had not carried beauty's prize,
Pallas and Juno would have stood apart,
To see their gifts one virgin royalize :
In every point surpassing curious,
Had fate and fortune been as gracious.

Ungentle star, that domineer'd the day,
When first my lady mistress breath'd this air,
What angry object stood then in the way,
To cross the course that was begun so fair !
You lowring heavens, why did ye oppress
The saint whom you so many ways did bless !

But, wretch ! why stand'st thou charging these with guilt,
And art thyself the author of this ill ?
Thou hapless boy thy lady's blood hast spilt,
Thy master and his servants thou didst kill.
When first thou travell'dst for this trothless man,
Even in that hour these miseries began.

But, sovereign Love, immortal and divine,
Whose gracious name did shadow this abuse,
Canst thou permit before thy holy eyn,
This heinous deed exempt from all excuse ?
O mighty Love, what will thy subjects say,
If foul offence go unrevenge'd away ?

Stand I expostulating this or that,
When on my back the weighty burthen lies ;
Waste no more time with vain and idle chat,
But for this fault be thou a sacrifice.

Fair Iffida, thy page doth follow thee,
The only engine of this tragedy.

L.

ROSSALIND'S DITTY.

From "The Famous Historie of the Seaven Champions of
Christendome."

"During which time faire Rossalinde (one of the daughters of the Thracian King, being as then prisoner in the Castle) by chance looked over the walls, and espyed the body of the Gyant headlesse, under whose subjection shee had continued in great servitude for the time of seaven moneths, likewise by him a knight unarmed, as shee thought panting for breath, the which the lady judged to be the knight that had slaine the Gyant Blanderon, and the man by whom her delivery should be recovered, shee presently descended the walles of the castle, and ran with all speed to the adventurous champion, whom shee found dead. But yet being nothing discouraged of his recovery, feeling as yet a warme bloud in every member, retired back with all speede to the castle, and fetcht a boxe of precious balme, the which the

Gyant was wont to poure into his wounds after his encounter with any Knight: with which balme this courteous lady chafed every part of the breathlesse champion's bodie, one while washing his stiffe lims with her salt teares the which like pearles fell from her eyes, another while drying them with the tresses of her golden hayre, which hung dangling in the winde, then chafing his livelesse body againe with a balme of a contrary nature, but yet no signe of life could shee espie in the dead Knight: which caused her to grow desperate of all hope of his recoverie. Therefore like a loving, meeke, and kinde ladie, considering he had lost his life for her sake, shee intended to beare him company in death, and with her owne hands to finish up her dayes, and to dye upon his breast as Thisbe died upon the brest of her true Pyramus; therefore as the swanne sings a while before her death, so this sorrowful lady warbled forth this swan-like song over the bodie of the noble champion."

MUSES come mourn with doleful melody,
 Kind Sylvan Nymphs that sit in rosy bowers,
 With bracking tears commix your harmony
 To wail with me both minutes, days, and hours.
 A heavy, sad, and swan-like song, sing I,
 To ease my heart a while before I die.
 Dead is the Knight for whom I live and die,
 Dead is the Knight which for my sake is slain,
 Dead is the Knight for whom my careful cry,
 With wounded soul for ever shall complain,
 A heavy, sad, and swan-like song, sing I,
 To ease my heart a while before I die.

I'll lay my breast upon a silver stream,
And swim unto Elysium's lilly fields ;
There in ambrosian trees I'll write a theme
Of all the woeful sighs my sorrow yields.
A heavy, sad, and swan-like song, sing I,
To ease my heart a while before I die.

Farewell, fair woods, where sing the nightingales,
Farewell, fair fields, where feed the light-foot does,
Farewell, you groves, you hills and flowery dales,
But fare thou ill, the cause of all my woes :
A heavy, sad, and swan-like song, sing I,
To ease my heart a while before I die.

Ring out my ruth, you hollow caves of stone,
Both birds and beasts with all things on the ground :
You senseless trees, be assistant to my moan,
That up to heaven my sorrows may resound.
A heavy, sad, and swan-like song, sing I,
To ease my heart a while before I die.

Let all the towns of Thrace ring out my knell,
And write in leaves of brass what I have said,
That after ages may remember well,
How Rossalind both liv'd, and died a maid :
A heavy, sad, and swan-like song, sing I,
To ease my heart a while before I die.

LI.

PITHIAS'S LAMENT FOR THE LOSS OF
DAMON.

[From the very rare old Drama of Damon and Pithias.]

AWAKE ye woeful wights
That long have wept in woe,
Resign to me your plaints and tears,
My hapless hap to show :
My woe no tongue can tell,
Ne pen can well descry :
O what a death is this to hear,
Damon my friend must die.

The loss of worldly wealth
Man's wisdom may restore,
And physick hath provided too
A salve for every sore :
But my true friend once lost,
No art can well supply :
Then what a death is this to hear !
Damon my friend must die.

My mouth refuse the food,
That should my limbs sustain,
Let sorrow sink into my breast,
And ransack every vein :
You furies all at once,
On me your torments try :
Why should I live since that I hear,
Damon my friend shall die.

Gripe me, you greedy griefs,
And present pangs of deaths,
You sisters three with cruel hands,
With speed now stop my breath :
Shrine me in clay alive,
Some good man stop mine eye :
Oh death come now, seeing I hear
Damon my friend must die,

LII.

OLD TITHON.

[From the old Comedy of Wily Beguiled.]

OLD Tithon must forsake his dear,
The lark doth chant her chearful lay ;
Aurora smiles with merry cheer,
To welcome in a happy day.

The beasts do skip,
The sweet birds sing ;
The wood nymphs dance,
The echoes ring.

The hollow caves with joy resound,
And pleasures ev'ry where abound :
The graces linking hand in hand,
In love have knit a glorious band.

LIII.

THREE-MAN'S SONG.

[From "The Shomaker's Holyday." 1600.]

O THE month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolick, so gay, and so green, so green, so green,
O and then did I unto my true love say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen.

Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the forest's quire,
Intreats thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's tale,
Lo yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier,

But O, I spy the cuckow, the cuckow, the cuckow,
See where she sitteth, come away my joy :
Come away, I prithee, I do not like the cuckow
Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy!

O the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolick, so gay, and so green, so green,
O and then did I unto my true love say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my summer's queen.

LIV.

THREE-MAN'S SONG.

[From "The Shomaker's Holyday." 1600.]

COLD's the wind, and wet's the rain,
Saint Hugh be our good speed :
Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
Nor helps good hearts in need.

Trowl the bowl, the jolly-nut-brown bowl,
And here kind mate to thee :
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Down a down, hey down a down,
Hey derry derry down a down,
Ho, well done, to me let come,
Ring compass gentle joy.

Trowl the bowl, the nut-brown bowl,
And here kind mate to thee,
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.

Cold's the wind, and wet's the rain,
 Saint Hugh be our good speed,
 Ill is the weather that bringeth no gain,
 Nor helps good hearts in need.

LV.

SONG

From Heywood's "Fayre Maide of the Exchange." 1615.

YE little birds that sit and sing
 Amidst the shady vallies,
 And see how Phillis sweetly walks
 Within her garden alleys ;
 Go, pretty birds, about her bower,
 Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower,
 Ah me, methinks I see her frown,
 Ye pretty wantons warble.

Go tell her through your chirping bills,
 As you by me are bidden,
 To her is only known my love,
 Which from the world is hidden.

Go, pretty birds, and tell her so,
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still methinks I see her frown,
Ye pretty wantons warble.

Go tune your voices harmony
And sing I am her lover ;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her,
And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice.
Yet still methinks I see her frown,
Ye pretty wantons warble.

O fly, make haste, see, see she falls
Into a pretty slumber ;
Sing round about her rosy bed,
That waking she may wonder,
Say to her 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love by you and you ;
And when you hear her kind reply
Return with pleasant warblings.

LVI.

HEDONE,

From the rare Drama called "Apollo Shroving."

HEDONE, Queen Hedone, sweet Hedone,
 Dame Nature's care and noblest birth,
 The joy and crown of heaven and earth,
 The aim and centre of desire,
 The fuel of most sacred fire,
 By me, and this, and this,
 She sends you all her bliss.

Among the gods she hath her place,
 They all stand gazing on her face,
 The clouds do from her presence fly,
 'Tis sunshine where she casts her eye.
 Wher'er she treads on earth below,
 A rose, or lilly, up do grow.

Her breath a gale of spices brings;
 Mute are the Muses when she sings;
 What'er she touches turns to nectar,
 What man but can and must affect her?

No heart so hard but needs must melt
When once her kindly heat is felt.

She, she vouchsafes to call you to her,
And wooing prays you now to woo her.

By study soon fresh youth doth break,
The fair grow foul, the strong grow weak :
Leave, leave this musing bookish trade :
Enjoy yourselves before youth fade.

Time must be gone,
Old age creeps on.

LVII.

LULLABY SONG,

[From the Slaughter of the Innocents, acted at Coventry
in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and reprinted in
Mr. Douce's excellent Illustrations of Shakspeare.]

LULLA, lulla, thou littell tine childe,
By by lully lullay,
Lully lullay thou littell tine childe,
By by lully lull'ay.

O sisters too, how may we do,
For to preserve this day,
This pore youngling, for whom we do singe
By by lully lullay.

Herod the king, in his raging,
Chargid he hath this day;
His men of might, in his owne sight,
All yonge children to slay.

That wo is me pore childe for thee,
And ever morne and say
For thi parting, nether say nor sing
By by lully lullay.

LVIII.

LULLABY SONG.

[From a rare collection of songs printed in 1530, and
reprinted by Mr. Douce.]

By by lullaby
Rockyd I my child,
In a drē late as I lay
Me thought I hard a maydyn say

And spak thes wordys mylde
 My lytil sone with thee I play,
 And ever she song by lullay.
 Thus rockyd she hyr child,
 By by lullabi,
 Rockid I my child by by.
 Then merveld I ryght sore of this
 A mayde to have a chyld I wys,
 By by lullay
 Thus rockyd she her child
 By by lullaby, rockyd I my child.

LIX.

LULLABY SONG.

[From "The Pleasant Comodie of Patient Grissill." 1603.]

GOLDEN slumbers kisse your eyes,
 Smiles awake you when you rise :
 Sleepe, pretty wantons, doe not cry,
 And I will sing a lullabie.

Care is heavy, therefore sleepe you,
 You are care, and care must keep you :
 Sleepe, pretty wantons, doe not cry,
 And I will sing a lullabie,
 Rocke them, rocke them, lullabie.

LX.

THE MAY POLE,

[From Actæon and Diana.]

COME, ye young men, come along,
 With your musick, dance, and song,
 Bring your lasses in your hands,
 For 'tis that which love commands ;
 Then to the May-pole come away,
 For it is now a holyday.

It is the choice time of the year,
 For the violets now appear ;
 Now the rose receives its birth,
 And pretty primrose decks the earth.
 Then to the May-pole come away,
 For it is now a holyday.

Here each bachelor may choose
One that will not faith abuse,
Nor repay with coy disdain,
Love that should be loved again.
Then to the May-pole come away,
For it is now a holyday.

And when you well reckoned have,
What kisses you your sweethearts gave,
Take them all again and more,
It will never make them poor.
Then to the May-pole come away,
For it is now a holyday.

When you thus have spent the time,
Till the day be past its prime,
To your beds repair at night,
And dream there of your days delight.
Then to the May-pole come away,
For it is now a holyday.

LXI.

MAY-DAY SONG.

[From Mr. Todd's MSS. mentioned at p. 107 of this volume.]

JONE, to the May-pole away let us on,
Tyme is swift and will be gone ;
See how the wenches hye to the greene,
Where they know they shall be seene :
Besse, Moll, Kate, Doll,
These wante no loves to attend them ;
Hodge, Dick, Tom, Nick,
Brave dauncers, whoe can amend them ?
Jone, shall we have now a hay or a rounde,
Or some daunce that is new-founde :
Lately I was at a masque in the courte,
Where I saw of every sorte
Many a dance, made in France,
Many a braule, and many a measure,
Gay coates, sweet notes,
Brave wenches, O 'twas a treasure !
But now, me thinkes these courtlye toyes
Us deprive of better joyes :

Goune made of gray, and skin softe as silke,
 Breath as sweet as morning milke ;
 O, these more please !
 These hath my Jone to delight me :
 False wiles, courte-smiles,
 None of these hath Jone to despight me.

LXII.

SYMPTOMS OF LOVE.

[From "The Muses Gardin." 1610.]

ONCE did my thoughts both ebb and flow,
 As passion did them move ;
 Once did I hope, straight fear again,
 And then I was in love.

Once did I waking spend the night,
 And told how many minutes move,
 Once did I wishing waste the day,
 And then I was in love.

Once by my carving true loves knot,
 The weeping trees did prove,
 That wounds and tears were both our lots,
 And then I was in love.

Once did I breath another's breath,
 And in my mistress move,
 Once was I not mine own at all,
 And then I was in love.

Once wore I bracelets made of hair,
 And collars did approve;
 Once were my cloaths made out of wax,
 And then I was in love.

Once did I sonnet to my saint,
 My soul in numbers mov'd;
 Once did I tell a thousand lies,
 And then I was in love.

Once in my ear did danging hang
 A little turtle dove,
 Once, in a word, I was a fool,
 And then I was in love.

LXIII.

THE SHEPHERD'S LOVE FOR PHILLIDAY.

[From the Muses Garden.]

THERE was a shepherd that did live,
And held his thoughts as high,
As were the mounts whereon his flocks
Did hourly feed him by.
He from his youth, his tender youth,
Which was unapt to keep
Or hopes, or fears, or loves, or cares,
Or thoughts but of his sheep ;

Did with his dog as shepherds do,
For shepherds wanting wit
Devise some sports, though foolish sports,
Yet sports for shepherds fit.
The boy that yet was but a boy,
And so desires were hid,
Did grow a man, and men must love,
And love this shepherd did.

He loved much, none can too much
Love one so high divine
As but herself, none but herself
So fair, so fresh, so fine,

He vowed by his shepherd's weed,
An oath which shepherds keep,
That he would follow Phillyday
Before a flock of sheep.

LXIV.

“The Maidens Complaint of her Loves inconstancie,
Shewing it forth in every degree:
Shee being left as one forlorne,
With sorrowes shee her selfe to adorne
And seemes for to lament and mourne.”

To a delicate new tune.

You maids and wives, and women kind,
Give ear and you shall hear my mind,
Wherein I'll shew most perfectly
A false young man's inconstancy:
For which I sigh, and sob, and weep,
To see false men no faith can keep.

I love where I have cause to hate,
Such is my foolish fickle state,
My time I spend in grief and woe,
Which sure will be my overthrow,

I sigh and sob, and then do weep,
For that false men no faith can keep.

My love to me doth prove untrue,
And seems to bid me now adieu,
O hatefull wretch and most unkind
To bear so false and wicked mind!
It makes me sigh, and sob, and weep,
To see false men no faith can keep.

He's fled and gone for which I grieve,
I wish no maiden him believe,
For he with tempting speeches will
Seek others now for to beguile,
That they with me may sigh and weep,
And say that men no faith can keep.

Shall I be bound that may be free,
Shall I love them that love not me,
Why should I thus seem to complain,
I see I cannot him obtain,
Which makes me sigh, and sob, and weep
To see that men no faith can keep.

O shall I weep or shall I sing,
I know not which will fit mourning,
If that I weep 't will bring me pain,
If that I sing 't will ease my brain

Therefore I'll sigh, and sob, and weep
To see false men no faith can keep.

The jewel's lost, the thief is fled,
And I lie wounded in my bed;
If to repent I should begin,
They 'll say 'twas I that let him in,
Therefore I'll sigh, and sob, and weep
To see false men no faith can keep.

My mind to him was always true
For which I have now cause to rue,
Would I had never seen his face,
Nor trod the paths of Cupid's race,
For now I sigh, and sob, and weep,
To see false men no faith can keep.

SECOND PART.

What hap hath any he or she,
That can but live at liberty,
And not be troubled as I am,
As by my song you understand,
It makes me sigh, and sob, and weep
To see false men no faith can keep.

I cannot take my quiet rest
To think on him that I lov'd best,
Sometimes when I do think to sleep
Then thought of him makes me to weep.
I cannot choose but sigh and sob,
To think of him that doth me rob.

'Tis true indeed he robbeth me
Of my content and liberty,
My heart can now no comfort find
To think on him that proves unkind,
I cannot choose but sigh and weep,
To see false men no faith can keep.

My head doth ache, mine eyes are sore,
And I can find no help therefore,
My body's faint, and I am weak,
My tongue is tied I cannot speak,
Yet still I sigh, and sob and weep,
To see that men no faith can keep.

My days are short, my life's not long,
I cannot well declare my wrong,
Yet in some part I here do shew,
That you the cause hereof may know,
Wherefore I sigh, and sob, and weep,
To see that men no faith can keep.

His tempting eyes and smiling looks,
Now seem to me like baited hooks,
Which are but laid for to betray
The fish, that's greedy of his prey,
Therefore I sob, and sigh, and weep,
To see that men no faith can keep.

When first with me he came in place,
He did me with his arms embrace,
He kist me oft, and swore that he
Would never have no one but me,
Yet now he makes me sob and weep
To see that men no faith can keep.

With words most fair he did entreat,
Untill my favour he did get,
But him uncertain I do find,
And changing like the wavering wind,
Which makes me sigh, and sob, and weep,
To see that men no faith can keep.

He vow'd to bear a faithful mind,
But he is otherwise inclin'd,
He now doth seem as strange to me,
I cannot have his company,
Which makes me sigh, and sob, and weep,
To see that men no faith can keep.

Thus seems my love to do me wrong,
 Wherefore I'll here conclude my song,
 I'll never trust false men no more,
 Nor do as I have done before,
 For which I sigh, and sob, and weep,
 To see that men no faith can keep.

LXV.

NO CONSTANCY IN MAN.

[This Ballad is inserted in H. Lawes's "First Book of Ayres,"
 and Mr. Todd esteems it the production of Lawes himself.
 See preliminary Notes on Comus.]

BE gone, be gone, thou perjur'd man,
 And never more return,
 For know that thy inconstancy
 Hath chang'd my love to scorn:
 Thou hast awak'd me, and I can
 See clearly there's no truth in man.

My love to thee was chaste and pure,
 As is the morning dew,
 And 'twas alone like to endure,
 Hadst thou not prov'd untrue;
 But I'm awak'd, and now I can
 See clearly there's no truth in man.

Thou mayst perhaps prevail upon
 Some other to believe thee,
 And since thou canst love more than one,
 Ne'er think that it shall grieve me ;
 For th' hast awak'd me, and I can
 See clearly there's no truth in man.

By thy apostasy I find
 That love is plac'd amiss,
 And can't continue in the mind
 Where virtue wanting is :
 I'm now resolv'd, and know there can
 No constant thought remain in man.

LXVI.

“ A Ladie being wronged by false suspect, and also
 wounded by the durance of her Husband, dooth
 thus bewray her grieve.”

[From Gaiscoigne's Poems, 4to. 1587.]

GIVE me my lute in bed now as I lie,
 And lock the doors of mine unlucky bower :
 So shall my voice in mournful verse descry
 The secret smart which causeth me to lower :

Resound, you walls, an echo to my moan ;
And thou, cold bed wherein I lie alone,
Bear witness yet what rest thy lady takes,
When others sleep which may enjoy their makes.

In prime of youth when Cupid kindled fire,
And warm'd my will with flames of fervent love ;
To further forth the fruit of my desire,
My friends devis'd this mean for my behove.
They made a match according to my mind,
And cast a snare my fancy for to blind :
Short tale to make, the deed was almost done,
Before I knew which way the work begun,

And with this lot I did myself content,
I lent a liking to my parents choice ;
With hand and heart I gave my free consent,
And hung in hope for ever to rejoice.
I liv'd and lov'd long time in greater joy
Than she which held King Priam's son of Troy :
But three lewd lots have chang'd my heaven to hell,
And those be these, give ear and mark them well.

First, Slander, he which always beareth hate
To happy hearts in heavenly state that bide :
'Gan play his part to stir up some debate,
Whereby Suspect into my choice might glide,

And by his means the slime of false suspect,
Did (as I fear) my dearest friend infect.
Thus by these twain long was I plung'd in pain,
Yet in good hope my heart did still remain.

But now (ah me !) the greatest grief of all,
Sound loud my Lute, and tell it out my tongue,
The hardest hap that ever might befall ;
The only cause wherefore this song is sung,
Is this, alas ! my love, my lord, my roi
My chosen pheare, my gem, and all my joy
Is kept perforce out of my daily sight,
Whereby I lack the stay of my delight.

In lofty walls, in strong and stately towers,
With troubled mind in solitary sort,
My lovely lord doth spend his days and hours,
A weary life devoid of all disport.
And I, poor soul, must lie here all alone,
To try my truth, and wound my will with moan ;
Such is my hap to shake my blooming time
With winter's blasts before it pass the prime.

Now have you heard the sum of all my grief,
Whereof to tell my heart (oh) rents in twain,
Good ladies yet lend you me some relief,
And bear a part to ease me of my pain.

My sores are such that weighing well my truth
They might provoke the craggy rocks to ruth ;
And move these walls with tears for to lament
The loathsome life wherein my youth was spent.

But thou, my Lute, be still, now take thy rest,
Repose thy bones upon this bed of down,
Thou hast discharg'd some burthen from my breast,
Wherefore take thou my place, here lie thee down,
And let me walk to tire my restless mind,
Untill I may entreat some courteous wind
To blow these words unto my noble make,
That he may see I sorrow for his sake.

LXVII.

“THE NEW BALOW ;

OR,

A Wenches Lamentation for the loss of her Sweet-heart : he having left her a babe to play with, being the fruits of her folly.”

The tune is Balow.

BALOW, my babe, weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee,
But pity her deserved smart,
Who can but blame her own kind heart,
For trusting to a flattering friend,
The fairest tongue, the falsest mind.

Balow, my babe, &c.

Balow, my babe, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep :
If thou be still I will be glad,
Thy weeping makes thy mother sad :
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father wrought me great annoy.

First when he came to court my love,
With sugar'd words he did me move ;
His flattering and fained cheer
To me that time did not appear,
But now I see that cruel he,
Cares neither for my babe nor me.

I cannot choose but love him still,
Although that he hath done me ill,
For he hath stolen away my heart,
And from him it cannot depart ;
In well or wo, where ere he go,
I'll love him though he be my foe.

But peace, my comfort, curse not him,
Who now in seas of grief doth swim,
Perhaps of death : for who can tell
Whether the judge of heaven or hell,
By some predestinated death
Revenging me hath stopt his breath,

If I were near those fatal bounds,
Where he lies groaning in his wounds :
Repeating, as he pants for breath,
Her name that wounds more deep than death,
O then what woman's heart so strong
Would not forget the greatest wrong ?

If linen lack for my loves sake
Whom once I loved, then would I take
My smock even from my body meet,
And wrap him in that winding sheet,
Ay me, how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, my babe, spare thou thy tears,
Untill thou come to wit and years,
Thy griefs are gathering to a sum,
Heaven grant thee patience till they come,
A mother's fault, a father's shame,
A hapless state, a bastard's name.

Be still, my babe, and sleep a while,
And when thou wake then sweetly smile,
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids : O heaven forbid,
And yet into thy face I see
Thy father dear which tempted me.

Balow, my babe, O follow no
His faithless steps who thee begot,
Nor glory in a maid's disgrace,
For thou art his too much, alas !
And in thy looking eyes I read
Who overthrew my maidenhead.

O if I were a maid again,
All young men's flatteries I'd refrain :
Because unto my grief I find
That they are faithless and unkind,
Their tempting terms have bred my harm,
Bear witness babe lies in my arm.

Balow, my babe, spare yet thy tears,
Untill thou come to wit and years ;
Perhaps yet thou may come to be
A courtier by disdaining me :
Poor me, poor me, alas poor me,
My own two eyes have blinded me !

On love and fortune I complain,
On them and on myself also :
But most of all mine own two eyes,
The chiefest workers of my woe,
For they have caused so my smart,
That I must die without a heart.

Balow, my babe, thy father dead
To me the prodigal hath play'd,
Of heaven and earth regardless he
Preferr'd the wars to me and thee.
I doubt that now his cursing mind
Makes him eat acorns with the swine.

Farewell, farewell, most faithless youth,
That ever kist a woman's mouth,
Let never a woman after me,
Submit unto the courtesy ;
For if she do, O cruel thou
Would wrong them ; O ! who can tell how ?

LXVIII.

THE WANDRING PRINCE AND PRINCESS ;

OR,

Musidorus and Amadine.

WHEN Musidorus fell in love
With Amadine most fair,
Her father cross to him did prove
Which caus'd him to despair,
And for to ease his troubled mind
He wander'd in disguise,
Hoping he might soon comfort find,
Yet tears dropt from his eyes.

Alas ! (quoth he) what shall I do,
I am unfortunate,
And though my love is firm and true
I meet with rigid fate ;
For she who is my heart's delight
Her father is my foe,
Which causes me to take my flight,
Now to the woods I go.

In woods and deserts I'll reside,
Since my poor Amadine,
Whom once I thought to make my bride,
She must not now be mine :
My father's court I quite forsake
Never again to see,
For love my heart will surely break,
My dear I'll die for thee.

Thus went this wand'ring prince to seek
Throughout the deserts wide,
Some secret place where he might keep,
And secretly abide.
At last he did a shepherd turn,
Still minding of his flocks,
Which caus'd his Amadine to mourn
And tear her golden locks.

Alas, alas ! this princess cried,
Has he forsaken me,
Who I did think could ne'er abide
Where I should absent be?
Some sudden change possess his breast
That makes him prove unkind,
Whilst Amadine can take no rest
To ease her love-sick mind.

Thus Amadine, whose troubled mind
Was sorely fill'd with grief,
For want of Musidorus pin'd,
And could find no relief;
Then she a resolution took,
What ere did her betide,
Her prince so dear she would go look
Throughout the world so wide.

And privately away she went,
To all her friends unknown,
To give her troubled mind content
She wandered all alone,
Untill she came into a place
Where savage beasts alone
Were known in numbers to encrease,
And thus she made her moan.

Ah ! hapless wretch, quoth she, I am
Of lovers, yea, the worst,
While some delight to feel love's flame
I think myself accurst ;
Yet will I never rest till I
Find out this prince of mine,
Who strangely, and so privately,
Forsook his Amadine.

A shower of tears then trickled down
From her bright shining eyes,
Whose beauty did the deserts crown,
Whose sighs then fill'd the skies ;
And Musidorus being near
Did chance to hear her voice,
Though first he was possest with fear,
At last he did rejoice.

Certain it is, quoth he, the tongue
Of my poor Amadine,
To whom I have done too much wrong,
Which grieves this soul of mine,
To her sad heart I will give ease
Since she is in distress,
For love is such a strange disease
No tongue can well express.

To Amadine he then appear'd,
 Who startled was to see,
 She was by any over-heard,
 And in a swoon fell she ;
 But her dear prince, with kisses sweet,
 Brought her again to life.
 That meeting was to them most sweet,
 He made her soon his wife.

LXIX.

The Countryman's Lamentation for the Death of
his Cow.

“ A country swain of little wit one day,
Did kill his cow because she went astray,
What's that to you or I? she was his own,
But now the ass for his cow doth moan.

Most pineously methinks he cries in vain,
For now his cow's free from hunger and pain,
What ails the fool to make so great a stir?
She cannot come to him, he may to her.

To a pleasant country tune called—Colly my Cow.

LITTLE Tom Dogget
What dost thou mean,
To kill thy poor Colly
Now she's so lean?
Sing oh poor Colly,
Colly my cow,
For Colly will give me
No more milk now.

I had better have kept her
 'Till fatter she had been,
 For now I confess
 She's a little too lean,
 Sing oh poor Colly, &c.

First in comes the tanner
 With his sword by his side,
 And he bids me five shillings
 For my poor cow's hide.
 Sing oh poor Colly, &c.

Then in comes the tallow-chandler,
 Whose brains were but shallow,
 And he bids me two and sixpence
 For my cow's tallow.
 Sing oh poor Colly,
 Colly my cow,
 For Colly will give me
 No more milk now.

Then in comes the huntsman
 So early in the morn,
 He bid me a penny
 For my cow's horn.
 Sing oh poor Colly, &c.

Then in comes the tripe-woman,
So fine and so neat,
She bid me three half-pence,
For my cow's feet.
Sing oh poor Colly, &c.

Then in comes the butcher,
That nimble-tongu'd youth,
Who said she was carrion,
But he spoke not the truth.
Sing oh poor Colly, &c.

This cow had a skin
Was as soft as the silk,
And three times a day
My poor cow would give milk.
Sing oh poor Colly, &c.

She every year
A fine calf did me bring,
Which fetcht me a pound,
For it came in the spring.
Sing oh poor Colly, &c.

But now I have kill'd her,
I can't her recall,
I will sell my poor Colly,
Hide, horns and all.
Sing oh poor Colly, &c.

The butcher shall have her,
 Though he gives but a pound,
 And he knows in his heart,
 That my Colly was sound.
 Sing oh poor Colly, &c,

And when he has bought her,
 Let him sell all together,
 The flesh for to eat,
 And the hide for leather.
 Sing oh poor Colly, &c.

Some say I'm a cuckold,
 But I'll swear I am none,
 For how can it be
 Now my horns are gone.
 Sing oh poor Colly,
 Colly my cow,
 For Colly will give me
 No more milk now.

LXX.

“TAKE TIME WHILE ’TIS OFFERED:

For Tom has broke his word with his sweeting,
And lost a good wife for an houres meeting,
Another good fellow has gotten the lasse,
And Tom may go shake his long eares like an asse.”

To the tune of—Within the North Country.

WHEN Titan’s fiery steeds
Were lodged in the west,
And every beast and feathered fowl
Betook themselves to rest.

Abroad I walked then
To take the evening’s air,
Hard by a gentle gliding stream
I saw a damsel fair.

Sweet Tom, quoth she, make haste,
Why dost thou stay so long?
If thou dost not thy promise keep,
Alas! thou dost me wrong!

Thou know'st I ventured have
To meet thee here to night,
Why then wilt thou for my true love,
Me churlishly requite?

If that my mother knew
That I this time was missing,
To meet with thee she'd swear that I
Should never have her blessing.

Yet is my love so fixt,
Though I were sure to die,
I would be sure to meet with thee,
Love lends me wings to fly.

But now I well perceive,
When maids love young men best,
They use them like their servile slaves,
And thus I am opprest.

At first they woo and pray,
And many oaths they swear,
Untill like birds they have them caught,
Into their crafty snare.

Then will they be reject,
And scorn us to our face,
Thus for our kindness oft we are
Rewarded with disgrace.

This I myself have proved,
That here I do report,
For he to whom I gave my heart
Makes me his laughing sport.

SECOND PART.

This night he promised me
To meet at five a clock,
Which hour's long past, therefore I doubt
With me he does but mock.

While I sit sighing here,
He's bragging to his mates,
That his sweet-heart within the fields,
Now for his coming waits.

Thus like a lion fierce
He insulteth o'er his prey,
Alas, there is no remedy,
Being bound I must obey.

Hard hearted creature here,
To serve me in this kind,
His flattring tongue hath wrought my bane,
As now with grief I find.

Alas, what shall I do,
I am possest with fear,
For rather than I'll homeward go,
My life I'll finish here.

For if that I go home,
My father he will brawl,
My mother she will second him,
And that's the worst of all.

She'll tell me I have been
A gadding after Tom,
She'll swear I'll never leave these tricks,
Till I come loaden home.

If he would meet me here,
Those words I well could bear,
For when that I am armed with love
Their taunts I do not fear.

Sweet Tom, make haste away,
Or else I shall despair,
For home, untill I see thy face,
I mean not to repair.

What should the reason be,
That thou wilt me neglect?
For I have cast thy betters off,
Thy person to affect.

If me thou dost forsake,
Look ne'er to find the like,
Methinks experience might thee teach
While the iron's hot to strike.

My portion is not small,
My parentage not base,
My looking-glass informs me that
I have a comely face.

Yet have I made a choice
Against my parents will,
With one so mean, who cruelly
My tender heart doth kill.

I hearing her say so
Did boldly to her come,
The night was dark, and she believed
That I was her own Tom.

She blam'd my tarrying long,
Which I did well excuse,
I pray'd her wend along with me,
Which she did not refuse.

Supposing all this while
That I had been her Tom ;
She swore she had rather go with me,
Than to go ever home.

Thus Tom has lost his lass,
Because he broke his vow,
And I have rais'd my fortunes well,
The case is alter'd now.

LXXI.

THE WANTON WIFE OF BATH.

IN Bath a wanton wife did dwell,
As Chaucer he doth write;
Who did in pleasure spend her days
In many a fond delight.

Upon a time sore sick she was
And at the length did die;
Her soul at last at Heaven's gate,
Did knock most mightily.

Then Adam came unto the gate,
Who knocketh there? quoth he:
I am the Wife of Bath, she said,
And fain would come to thee.

Thou art a sinner, Adam said,
And here no place shall have,
And so art thou, I trow, quoth she,
And gip* a doting knave.

I will come in in spite, she said,
Of all such churls as thee ;
Thou wert the causer of our woe,
Our pain and misery.

And first broke God's commandments
In pleasure of thy wife :
When Adam heard her tell this tale,
He run away for life,

Then down came Jacob at the gate,
And bids her pack to hell ;
Thou false deceiver why ? said she,
Thou may'st be there as well,

For thou deceiv'dst thy father dear,
And thine own brother too.
Away slunk Jacob presently,
And made no more ado.

She knocks again with might and main,
And Lot he chides her straight ;
Why then, quoth she, thou drunken ass,
Who bid thee here to prate ?

* Gip is an expression of contempt.

With thy two daughters thou didst lie,
On them two bastards got ;
And thus most tauntingly she chaft
Against poor silly Lot.

Who calleth there, quoth Judith then,
With such shrill sounding notes ?
This fine minks surely came not here,
Quoth she, for cutting throats.

Good Lord, how Judith blush'd for shame
When she heard her say so ;
King David hearing of the same,
He to the gate did go.

Quoth David, who knocks there so loud,
And maketh all this strife ?
You were more kind, good Sir, she said,
Unto Uriah's wife.

And when thy servant thou didst cause
In battle to be slain,
Thou caused'st then more strife than I,
Who would come here so fain.

The woman's mad, said Solomon,
That thus doth taunt a king ;
Not half so mad as you, she said,
I trow in many a thing.

Thou hadst seven hundred wives at once,
For whom thou didst provide,
And yet three hundred whores, God wot,
Thou didst maintain beside.

And those made thee forsake thy God,
And worship stocks and stones,
Besides the charge they put thee to
In breeding of young bones.

Hadst thou not been besides thy wits,
Thou wouldst not thus have ventur'd,
And therefore I do marvel much,
How thou this place hast entered.

I never heard, quoth Jonas, then,
So vile a scold as this ;
Thou whore-son run away, quoth she,
Thou diddest more amiss.

They say, quoth Thomas, women's tongues
Of aspen leaves are made ;
Thou unbelieving wretch, quoth she,
All is not true that's said.

When Mary Magd'len heard her then,
She came unto the gate ;
Quoth she, good woman, you must think
Upon your former state.

No sinner enters in this place,
 Quoth Mary Magdalen then,
 'Twere ill for you, fair mistress, mild
 She answered her again.

You for your honesty, quoth she,
 Had once been ston'd to death,
 Had not our Saviour Christ come by,
 And written on the earth.

It was not by your occupation
 You are become divine,
 I hope my soul by Christ's passion
 Shall be as safe as thine.

Then rose the good apostle Paul,
 Unto this wife he cried,
 Except thou shake thy sins away,
 Thou here shalt be denied.

Remember, Paul, what thou hast done,
 All thro' a lewd desire,
 How thou didst persecute God's church
 With wrath as hot as fire.

Then up starts Peter at the last,
 And to the gate he hies,
 Fond fool, quoth he, knock not so fast,
 Thou weariest Christ with cries.

Peter, said she, content thyself,
For mercy may be won,
I never did deny my Christ
As thou thyself hast done.

When as our Saviour Christ heard this,
With heavenly angels bright,
He comes unto this sinful soul,
Who trembled at his sight.

Of him for mercy she did crave,
Quoth he, thou hast refused
My proffer'd grace and mercy both,
And much my name abused.

Sore have I sinn'd, O Lord, she said,
And spent my time in vain,
But bring me, like a wand'ring sheep,
Into thy fold again.

O Lord, my God, I will amend
My former wicked vice :
The thief for one poor silly word
Past into Paradise.

My laws and my commandments,
Saith Christ, were known to hee,
But of the same in any wise,
Not yet one word did ye.

I grant the same, O Lord, quoth she,
Most lewdly did I live,
But yet the loving father did
His prodigal son forgive.

So I forgive thy soul, he said,
Through thy repenting cry,
Come you therefore into my joy,
I will not thee deny.

LXXII.

“A most excellent and famous Ditty of Sampson,
judge of Israel, how hee Wedded a Philistine’s
Daughter, who at length forsooke him : also how
hee slew a Lyon, and propounded a Riddle, and
after how hee was falsely betrayed by Dalila, and
of his death.”

[Black Letter, for the assigns of T. Symcocke.]

WHEN Samson was a tall young man,
His power and strength encreased then,
And in the host and tribe of Dan,
The Lord did bless him still.
It chanced so upon a day,
As he was walking on his way,
He saw a maiden fresh and gay
In Timnath.

With whom he fell so sore in love,
That he his fancy could not move,
His parents therefore he did prove,
And craved their good wills :
I have found out a wife, quoth he,
I pray you, father, give her me,
Though she a stranger's daughter be
I pass not.

Then did bespeak his parents dear,
Have we not many maidens here,
Of country and acquaintance near,
For thee to love and like :
O no, quoth Samson, presently,
Not one so pleasant in my eye,
Whom I could find so faithfully
To fancy.

At length they granted their consent,
And so with Samson forth they went
To see the maid was their intent,
Which was so fair and bright :
But as they were agoing there,
A lion put them in great fear,
Whom Samson presently did tear
In pieces.

When they were come unto the place,
 They were agreed in the case,
 The wedding day appointed was,
 And when the time was come :
 As Samson went for beauty's fees,
 The lion's carcase there he sees,
 Wherein a sort of honey bees
 Had swarmed.

Then closely Samson went his way,
 And not a word thereof did say,
 Untill the merry feasting day
 Unto the company.
 A riddle I will shew, quoth he,
 The meaning if you tell to me,
 Within seven days I will give ye
 Great riches.

But if the meaning you do miss,
 And cannot shew me what it is,
 Then shall you give to me (I wiss)
 So much as I have said :
 Put forth the riddle then, quoth they,
 And we will tell it by our day,
 Or we will lose as thou dost say
 The wager.

Then make (quoth he) the total sum,
“ Out of the eater meat did come,
And from the strong did sweetness run,”

Declare it if you can:

And when they heard the riddle told,
Their hearts within them waxed cold,
For none of them could then unfold

The meaning.

Then unto Samson's wife went they,
And threatened her, without delay,
If she would not the thing bewray,

To burn her father's house,
Then Samson's wife with grief and woe,
Desired him the same to shew,
And when she knew she straight did go
To tell them.

Then were they all full glad of this,
To tell the thing they did not miss,
What stronger beast than a lion is,

What sweeter meat than honey!
Then Samson answered them full round,
If my heifer had not ploughed the ground,
So easily you had not found

My riddle.

Then Samson did his losses pay,
 And to his father went his way,
 But wisht with them he there did stay,
 His wife forsook him quite,
 And took another to her love,
 Which Samson's anger much did move,
 To plague them therefore he did prove
 His cunning.

A subtle thought he then had found,
 To burn their corn upon the ground,
 Their vineyards he destroyed round,
 Which made them fret and fume,
 But when they knew that Samson he
 Had done them all this injury,
 Because his wife did him deny
 They killed her.

And afterward they had decreed
 To murder Samson for that deed,
 Three thousand men they sent with speed
 To bring him bound to them;
 But he did break his cords apace,
 And with the jaw-bone of an ass
 A thousand men ere he did pass
 He killed.

When all his foes were laid in dust,
Then Samson was full sore athirst,
In God therefore was all his trust,
 To help his fainting heart :
For liquor thereabout was none,
The Lord therefore from the jaw-bone
Did make fresh water spring alone
 To help him.

Then Samson had a joyfull spright,
And in a city lay that night,
Whereas his foes with deadly spite
 Did seek his life to spill :
But he at midnight then awakes,
And tearing down the city gates,
With him away the same he takes
 Most stoutly.

Then on Delilah fair and bright,
Did Samson set his whole delight,
Whom he did love both day and night,
 Which wrought his overthrow ;
For she with sweet words did intreat,
That for her sake he would repeat,
Wherein his strength, that was so great,
 Consisted.

At length unto his bitter fall,
And through her suit, which was not small,
He did not let to shew her all

The secrets of his heart :
If that my hair be cut, quoth he,
Which now so fair and long you see,
Like other men then shall I be
In weakness.

Then through deceit which was so deep,
She lulled Samson fast asleep,
A man she call'd, which she did keep,
To cut off all his hair ;
Then did she call his hateful foes,
Ere Samson from her lap arose,
Who could not then withstand their blows
For weakness.

To bind him fast they did devise,
Then did they put out both his eyes,
In prison woefully he lies,
And there he grinds the mill ;
But God remembered all his pain,
And did restore his strength again,
Although that bound he did remain
In prison.

The Philistines now were glad of this,
For joy they made a feast (I wiss)
And all their princes did not miss,
To come unto the same :

And being merry bent that day,
For Samson they did send straightway,
That they might laugh to see him play
Among them.

Then to the house was Samson led,
And when he had their fancies fed,
He pluck'd the house upon their head
And down they tumbled all ;
So that with grief and deadly pain,
Three thousand persons there were slain,
Thus Samson then with all his train
Was brained.

LXXIII.

DAVID AND BATH-SHEBA.

[From a black letter copy printed for J. Wright.]

WHEN David in Jerusalem
As royal king did rule and reign,
Behold what happened unto him,
That afterward procured his pain.

On the top of all his princely place,
A gallant prospect there had he,
From whence he might, when 't pleas'd his grace,
Many a gallant garden see.

It chanced so upon a day
The king went forth to take the air,
All in the pleasant month of May,
From whence he spied a lady fair.

Her beauty was more excellent
And brighter than the morning sun,
By which the king incontinent,
Was to her favour quickly won.

She stood within a pleasant bower,
All naked for to wash her there,
Her body, like a lilly flower,
Was covered with her golden hair.

The king was wounded with her love,
And what she was he did inquire,
He could not his affection move,
He had to her such great desire.

She is Uriah's wife, quoth they,
A captain of your princely train,
That in your wars is now away,
And she doth all alone remain.

Then, said the king, bring her to me,
For with her love my heart is slain,
The prince of beauty sure is she,
For whom I do great grief sustain.

The servants they did soon prepare,
To do the message of the king,
And Bath-sheba the lady fair
Unto the court did quickly bring.

The king rejoiced at her sight,
And won her love, and lay her by,
Till they in sport had spent the night,
And that the sun was risen high.

The king his leave most kindly took
 Of the fair lady at the last :
 And homeward then she cast her look
 Till that three months were gone and past.

And then in Bath-sheba so fair,
 She found her former health exil'd,
 By certain tokens that she saw,
 The king had gotten her with child.

Then to the king she made her moan,
 And told him how the case did stand,
 The king sent for her husband home,
 To cloak the matter out of hand.

When from the camp Uriah came,
 The king received him courteously,
 Demanding how all things did frame
 Concerning of the enemy.

Uriah shewed his highness all
 The accident of warlike strife,
 Then, said the king, this night you shall
 Keep company with your own wife.

The Ark of God, Uriah said,
 With Judah's host and Israel,
 Sleep in the field, and not a man
 Within the house where they do dwell.

Then should I take my ease, quoth he,
In beds of down with my fair wife?
O king, he said, that must not be,
So long as I enjoy my life,

Then did the king a letter frame
To Joab, general of the host,
And by Uriah sent the same,
But certainly his life it cost.

SECOND PART.

And when the king for certain knew,
Uriah thus had murdered been,
Fair Bath-sheba to court he drew,
And made of her his royal queen,

Then God, that saw his wicked deed,
Was angry at King David's sin,
The prophet Nathan then with speed
Came thus complaining unto him,

O David, ponder what I say,
A great abuse I shall thee tell,
For thou that rul'st in equity
Should see the people ruled well,

Two men within the city dwell
The one is rich, the other poor,
The rich in cattle doth excell,
The other nothing had in store.

Saving one little silly sheep,
Which young he did with money buy,
With his own bread he did it feed
Amongst his children tenderly.

The rich man had a stranger come,
Unto his house, that lov'd him dear,
The poor man's sheep therefore he took,
And thereof made his friend good chear.

Because that he his own would save,
He us'd the man thus cruelly,
Then by the Lord, the king did swear,
The rich man for that fault should die.

Thou art the man, the prophet said,
Thy princely crown God gave to thee,
Thy lord's wives thou thy own hast made,
And many more of fair beauty.

Why hast thou so defiled thy life,
And slain Uriah with thy sword,
And taken home his wedded wife,
Regarding not God's holy word.

Therefore behold, thus saith the Lord,
Great wars upon thy house shall be,
Because thou hast my laws abhorr'd,
Much ill, be sure, I'll raise on thee.

I'll take thy wives before thy face,
And give them to thy neighbour's use,
And thou thereby shall have disgrace,
For men shall laugh at thine abuse.

Then David cried out piteously,
Sore have I sinned against the Lord,
Have mercy, God, therefore on me,
Let not my prayers be abhorr'd.

But as the prophet told to him,
So did it after chance indeed,
For God did greatly plague his sin,
As in the Bible you may read.

The scourge of sin thus you may see,
For murder and adultery,
Lord grant that we may warned be,
Such crying sins to shun and fly !

LXXIV.

“ THE DEAD MAN’S SONG,

Whose dwelling was neere unto Bassings Hall in
London.”

To the tune of Flying Fame.

SORE sick, dear friends, long time I was,
And weakly laid in bed,
And for five hours, in all men’s sight,
At length I lay as dead.

The bell rung out, my friends came in,
And I key cold was found,
Then was my carcase brought from bed
And cast upon the ground.

My loving wife did weep full sore,
And children loud did cry,
My friends did mourn, yet thus they said,
All flesh is born to die.

My winding sheet prepared was,
My grave was also made,
And five long hours, by just report
In this same case I laid.

During which time my soul did see
Such strange and fearful sights,
That for to hear the same disclos'd,
Would banish all delights.

Yet sith the Lord restor'd my life,
Which from my body fled,
I will declare what sights I saw,
That time that I was dead.

Methought along a gallant green,
Where pleasant flowers sprung,
I took my way, whereas I thought
The Muses sweetly sung.

The grass was sweet, the trees full fair,
And lovely to behold,
And full of fruit was every twig,
Which shin'd like glistering gold.

My cheerful heart desired much
To taste the fruit so fair :
But as I reached, a fair young man
To me did fast repair.

Touch not (quoth he) that's none of thine,
But wend and walk with me,
And see thou mark each several thing,
Which I shall show to thee,

I wonder'd greatly at his words,
Yet went with him away,
Till on a goodly pleasant bank,
With him he bade me stay.

With branches then of lillies white
Mine eyes there wiped he,
When this was done he bad me look,
What I far off could see.

I looked up, and lo at last
I did a city see,
So fair a thing did never man
Behold with mortal eye !

Of diamonds, pearls, and precious stones,
It seem'd the walls were made ;
The houses all with beaten gold
Were tiled, and overlaid.

More brighter than the morning sun,
The light thereof did show,
And every creature in the same,
Like crowned kings did go.

The fields about this city fair,
Were all with roses set,
Gilly-flowers, and carnations fair,
Which canker could not fret,

And from these fields there did proceed
The sweet'st and pleasant'st smell
That ever living creature felt,
The scent did so excell.

Besides such sweet triumphant mirth,
Did from the city sound,
That I therewith was ravished,
My joy did so abound.

With musick, mirth, and melody,
Princes did there embrace,
And in my heart I long'd to be
Within that joyful place.

The more I gaz'd, the more I might,
The sight pleas'd me so well ;
For what I saw in every thing,
My tongue can no way tell.

Then of the man I did demand,
What place the same might be,
Whereas so many kings do dwell
In joy and melody?

Quoth he, that blessed place is heaven,
Where yet thou must not rest,
And those that do like Princes walk,
Are men whom God hath blest.

Then did he turn me round about,
And on the other side.
He bad me view, and mark as much,
What things are to be spied.

With that I saw a coal-black den,
All tann'd with soot and smoke,
Where stinking brimstone burning was,
Which made me like to choke.

An ugly creature there I saw,
Whose face with knives was slasht,
And in a caldron of poison'd filth,
His ugly corpse was wash'd.

About his neck were fiery ruffs,
That flamed on every side ;
I ask'd, and lo! the young man said,
That he was damn'd for pride.

Another sort then did I see,
Whose bowels vipers tore,
And grievously with gaping mouth
They did both yell and roar.

A spotted person by each one
Stood gnawing on their hearts,
And this was Conscience, I was told,
That plagued their envious parts.

These were no sooner out of sight,
But straight came in their place,
A sort still throwing burning fire,
Which fell against their face.

And ladles full of melted gold
Were poured down their throats ;
And these were set (it seem'd to me)
In midst of burning boats.

The foremost of this company
Was Judas, I was told,
Who had for filthy lucre's sake,
His lord and master sold.

For covetousness these were condemn'd,
So it was told to me :
And then methought another rout
Of hell-hounds I did see.

Their faces they seem'd fat in sight,
Yet all their bones were bare,
And dishes full of crawling toads
Was made their finest fare.

From arms, from hands, from thighs and feet,
 With red hot pincers then,
 The flesh was pluck'd even from the bone
 Of these vile gluttonous men.

On coal-black beds another sort
 In grievous sort did lie,
 And underneath them burning brands,
 Their flesh did burn and fry,

With brimstone fierce their pillows eke,
 Whereon their heads were laid,
 And fiends with whips of glowing fire,
 Their lecherous skin off flaid.

Then did I see another come,
 Stab'd in with daggers thick,
 And filthy fiends, with fiery darts,
 Their hearts did wound and prick.

And mighty bowls of corrupt blood,
 Was brought for them to drink,
 And these men for murder plagued,
 From which they could not shrink.

I saw, when these were gone away,
 The Swearer, and the Liar,
 And these were hung up by their tongues,
 Right o'er a flaming fire.

From eyes, from ears, from navel and nose,
And from the lower parts,
The blood, methought, did gushing run,
And clodded like men's hearts.

I asked why that punishment
Was upon Swearers laid;
Because, quoth one, wounds, blood, and heart,
Was still the oath they made.

And therewithal from ugly hell,
Such shrieks and cries I heard,
As though some greater grief and plague
Had vexed them afterwards.

So that my soul was sore afraid,
Such terror on me fell:
Away then went the young man quite,
And bad me not farewell.

Wherefore unto my body straight,
My spirit return'd again,
And lively blood did afterwards
Stretch forth in every vein.

My closed eyes I opened
And raised from my swoond,
I wonder'd much to see myself
Laid so upon the ground.

Which when my neighbours did behold,
Great fear upon them fell,
To whom soon after I did tell,
The news from heaven and hell.

LXXV.

“THE TURTLE DOVE,

OR,

The Wooing in the Wood, being a pleasant new
Song of two Constant Lovers.”

To the tune of—The North Country Lass.

[Black letter, for the Assigns of T. Symcocke.]

WHEN Flora she had deckt
The fields with flowers fair,
My love and I did walk abroad,
To take the pleasant air.

Fair Phoebus brightly shin'd,
And gently warm'd each thing,
Where every creature then did seem
To welcome in the Spring.

Into a pleasant grove,
By nature trimly made :
My love and I together walkt,
To cool us in the shade.

The bubbling brooks did glide,
The silver fishes leap,
The gentle lambs, and nimble fawns,
Did seem to leap and skip.

The birds with sugar'd notes,
Their pretty throats did strain,
And shepherds on their oaten pipes,
Made music on the plains.

Then I began to talk
Of lovers in their bliss,
I woo'd her, and courted her.
For to exchange a kiss.

With that she straightway said,
Hark how the nightingale,
Although that she doth sweetly sing,
Doth tell a heavy tale.

That in her maiden years,
By man she had much wrong,
Which makes her now with thorn in breast
To sing a mournful song.

With that I lent an ear,
To hear sweet Philomel,
Amongst the other birds in woods,
And she this tale did tell.

Fair maids be warn'd by me,
I was a maiden pure,
Until by man I was o'er-reach'd,
Which makes me this endure.

To live in woods and groves
Sequestred from all sight,
For heavily I do complain,
Both morning, noon, and night.

The throstle-cock did say,
Fy ! Phil, you are to blame,
Although that one did do amiss,
Will all men do the same ?

No quoth, the ousel then,
Though I be black of hue,
Unto my mate, and dearest love
I always will prove true.

The blackbird having spoke,
The lark began to sing,
If I participate of aught,
My love to it I bring.

The mag-pie up did start,
And straight began to chatter,
Believe not men, they all are false,
For they will lie and flatter.

Then up upon a leaf
The wren leapt by and by,
And said bold parrot your pied-coat,
Shews you can cog and lie.

SECOND PART.

Then robin redbreast said,
'Tis I in love am true.
My colour shews that I am he,
If you give me my due.

No, said the linet then,
Your breast it is too yellow,
For let your love be ne'er so true,
You'll think you have a fellow.

Another bird starts up,
Being call'd the popinjay,
And said, fair mistress, view me well,
My coat is fine and gay.

Away with painted stuff,
The feldefare did say,
My colour it the auburne is,
And bears the bell away.

The goldfinch then bespake,
My colours they are pure,
For yellow, red, for black and white,
All weathers will endure.

Each bird within the wood,
A several sentence gave,
And all did strive with several notes,
Pre-eminence to have.

Then from an ivy bush
The owl put forth her head,
And said, not such another bird
As I, the wood hath bred.

With that each bird of note
Did bear the owl away,
That never more he durst be seen,
To stay abroad by day.

And then they all agreed
To choose the turtle dove,
And that he should decide the cause
Betwixt me and my love.

Who thus began to speak,
Behold, sweet maiden fair,
How my beloved and myself
Do always live a pair.

We never use to change,
But always live in love,
We kiss and bill, and therefore call'd
The faithful turtle dove.

And when that each doth die,
We spend our time in moan,
Bewailing our deceased friend,
We live and die alone.

We never match again,
As other birds do use,
Therefore, sweet maiden, I tell you,
Do not your love refuse.

Thus ending of his speech,
They all did silent stand,
And then I turn'd me to my love,
And took her by the hand.

And said, my dearest sweet,
Behold the love of these,
How every one in his degree
Does seek his mate to please.

Then, fairest, grant to me
Your constant heart and love,
And I will prove as true to thee,
As doth the turtle dove.

She said, here is my hand,
My heart, and all I have,
I kist her, and upon the same
A token to her gave.

And then upon the same,
The birds did sweetly sing,
That echoes through the woods and groves
Most loudly then did ring.

Then up I took my love,
And arm in arm did walk
With her unto her father's house,
Where we with him did talk ;

Who soon did condescend,
When we were both agreed,
And shortly to the church we went,
And married were with speed.

The bells aloud did ring,
And minstrels they did play,
And every youth and maid did strive
To grace our wedding day

God grant my love and I
 May have the like success,
 And live in love until we die
 In joy and righteousness.

LXXVI.

“A MAD KINDE OF WOOING,

OR,

A Dialogue betweene the Will the Simple, and Nan
 the Subtill, with their Loving Agreement.”

To the tune of—The New Dance at the Red Bull Play-house.

[Black letter, for the Assigns of T. Symcocke.]

SWEET Nancy I do love thee dear,
 Believe me if thou can,
 And shall, I do protest and swear,
 While thy name is Nan.
 I cannot court with eloquence
 As many courtiers do,
 But I do love entirely, wench,
 And must enjoy thee too.

Spite of friends that contend
To separate our love,
If thou love me as I love thee,
My mind shall ne'er remove.

NAN.

Peace, goodman clown, you are too brief,
In proffering love to me,
And if thou use such rustic speech,
We two shall ne'er agree.
Do'st think my fortunes I'll forsake
To marry with a clown,
When I have choice enough to take
Of gallants in the town?
The eagle's eye doth scorn the fly,
She'll find a better prey,
Therefore leave off thy doatish suit,
Away, fond fool, away.

WILL.

Why prithee, Nan, ne'er scorn my love,
Although I be but plain,
Where Will doth once but set his love,
He must not love in vain;
For all you speak so scholar like,
And talk of eagle's eyes,
Know I am come a wooing, wench,
And not a catching flies.

Then ne'er reply, nor yet deny,
I will not be denied,
I would not have the world report
I twice did woo a maid.

NAN.

But twice and thrice, and twenty times,
You'll woo before you win,
To match with ignorance, 'mongst maids
Is held a sottish sin,
Therefore, I'll match, if ere I match,
One equal to my spirit,
And such a one, or else no one,
Shall my best love inherit.
A man of wit best doth fit
A maiden for to take,
Then such a man, if that I can,
My husband I will make.

WILL.

Why, Nan, I hope thou do'st not take
Thy Will to be a fool,
Thou know'st my father, for thy sake,
Three years kept me at school,
And if that thou hast spirit enough,
To yield to be my joy,
I warrant I have spirit enough
To get a chopping boy,

Then ne'er deny, yield and try,
 Or try before you trust,
 Let who will seek for to enjoy,
 For Will both will and must.

SECOND PART.

Why I have those that seek my love,
 That are too stout to yield,
 And rather than they'd lose my love,
 They'd win me in the field.
 Their skill in martial exercise
 So much doth thine surpass,
 That should they hear thee sue for love,
 They'd count thee but an ass.
 Then be mute, thy foolish suit
 Is all but spent in vain,
 'Tis an impossibility
 Thou should'st my love obtain.

WILL.

Dost hear me, Nan, what ere he be,
 Doth challenge love of thee,
 I'll make him like to Cupid blind,
 He shall have no eyes to see.

I think I have a little skill,
My arms be strong and tough,
And I will warrant they shall serve
To baste him well enough.
If he but starts to touch thy skirts,
Or in the least offends,
By all the hopes I have of love,
I'll cut off his fingers ends.

NAN.

How should I grant to fancy thee,
Whom others do disdain,
If thou shouldst chance to marry me,
How would'st thou me maintain :
Thou know'st not how to use a wife,
Thou art so homely bred :
And soon I doubt to jealousy,
Thy fancy might be led.
Many fears urge my ears,
That I should careful be,
I fear I match a crabbed piece,
If I should marry thee.

WILL.

Nan, I am plain, and cannot cog,
Nor promise wondrous fair :
When all my promises shall prove,
Like castles built with air,

My true performance shall be all,
 My word shall be my deed,
 And, honest Nan, if I have thee,
 You shall have all you need.
 Clap hands, be bold, say and hold,
 Let us make quick dispatch,
 If thou love me as I love thee,
 We'll straight make up the match.

NAN.

Then, Will, here is both hand and heart,
 I'll love thee till I die,
 The world may judge I match for love,
 And not all for the eye,
 I had rather match a lusty youth,
 Whose strength is not at full,
 Then match a small weak timber'd man,
 Whose strength had had a pull,
 Maidens all, both great and small,
 That hope to marry at length,
 Do not marry for bravery,
 But unto strength add strength.

LXXVII.

**“THERE’S NOTHING TO BE HAD WITHOUT
MONEY.”**

[From a black letter copy by H. Gosson.]

You gallants and you swaggering blades,
Give ear unto my ditty,
I am a boon companion known
In country, town, or city,
I always lov’d to wear good clothes,
And ever scorned to take blows,
I am belov’d of all me know,
But God a mercy penny.

My father was a man well known,
That us’d to hoard up money,
His bags of gold, he said, to him
More sweeter were than honey,
But I, his son, will let it fly
In tavern or in ordinary,
I am beloved in company,
But God a mercy penny.

All sorts of men, both far and near,
 Wherever I resorted,
 My fellowship esteemed dear,
 Because I was reported
 To be a man of noted fame,
 Some said I well deserved the same,
 Thus have I got a gallant name,
 But God a mercy penny.

All parts of London I have tried,
 Where merchant's wares are plenty,
 The Royal Exchange, and fair Cheapside,
 With speeches fine and dainty,
 They bring me in for to behold
 Their shops of silver and of gold,
 There might I choose what wares I would,
 But God a mercy penny.

For my contentment once a day
 I walk for recreation,
 Through Paul's, Ludgate, and Fleet-street gay,
 To raise an elevation ;
 Sometimes my humour is to range
 To Temple, Strand, and New Exchange,
 To see their fashions rare and strange,
 But God a mercy penny.

I have been in Westminster Hall,
Where learned lawyers plead,
And shown my bill among them all,
Which when they see and read,
My action quickly hath been tried,
No party there my suit denied,
Each one spake bravely on my side,
But God a mercy penny.

SECOND PART.

The famous abbey I have seen,
And have the pictures viewed
Of many a noble king and queen,
Which are by death subdued.
And having seen the sights most rare,
The watermen full ready were,
Me o'er the river Thames to bear,
But God a mercy penny.

Bear Garden, when I do frequent,
Or the Globe on the Bank-side,
They afford to me most rare content,
As I full oft have tried :
The best pastime that they can make,
They instantly will undertake,
For my delight and pleasure sake,
But God a mercy penny.

In every place whereas I came,
 Both I and my sweet penny
 Got entertainment in the same,
 And got the love of many,
 Both tapsters, cooks, and vintners fine,
 With other jovial friends of mine,
 Will pledge my health in beer or wine,
 But God a mercy penny,

Good fellows company I used,
 As also honest women,
 The painted drabs I still refus'd,
 And wenches that are common ;
 Their luring looks I do despise,
 They seem so loathsome in my eyes,
 Yet one a project did devise
 To gull me of my penny.

One evening as I past along,
 A lass with borrow'd hair
 Was singing of a tempting song,
 Kind Sir, quoth she, draw near,
 But he that bites this rotten crab,
 May after chance to catch the scab,
 No pandar, bawd, nor painted drab
 Shall gull me of a penny.

But curled hair and painted face
I ever have refrained,
All those that get their living base,
In heart I have disdained,
My conscience is not stain'd with pitch,
No tempting tongue shall me bewitch,
I'll make no punck nor pandar rich,
I'll rather keep my penny.

Yet will I never niggard be,
While I remain in earth,
But spend my money frolickly
In friendship, love, and mirth;
I'll drink my beer, I'll pay my score,
And eke dispense some of my store,
And to the needy and the poor,
I'll freely give my penny.

Thus to conclude as I began
I wholly am inclin'd,
Wishing that each true hearted man,
A faithful friend may find:
You that my verses stay to hear,
Draw money for to buy me beer,
The price of it is not too dear,
'T will cost you but a penny.

LXXVII.

“A NEW BALLAD,

INTITULED,

A Warning to Youth, shewing the lewd life of a Marchant's Sonne of London, and the miserie that at the last he sustained by his notoriousnesse.”

To the tune of Lord Darley.

[From a black letter copy printed for the Assigns of Symcocke.]

IN London dwelt a merchant man,
That left unto his son
A thousand pounds in land a year,
To spend when he was gone :

With coffers cramm'd with golden crowns,
Most like a father kind,
To have him follow his own steps,
And bear the self same mind.

Thus every man doth know, doth know,
And his beginning see,
But none so wise can shew, can shew,
What will his ending be.

No sooner was his father dead,
And closed in his grave,
But this his wild and wanton son,
His mind to lewdness gave.

And being but of tender years
Found out such company,
Which prov'd his fatal overthrow,
And final misery.

In gluttony and drunkenness
He daily took delight,
And still in strumpet's company
He spent the silent night,

Forgetting quite that drunkenness,
And filthy lechery,
Of all the sins will soonest bring
A man to misery.

Within the seas of wanton love,
His heart was drowned so deep,
A night he could not quietly
Without strange women sleep.

And therefore kept them secretly
 To feed his foul desire,
 Apparrell'd all like gallant youths
 In pages' trim attire.

Their garments were of crimson silk,
 Bedeckt with cloth of gold,
 Their curled hair was white as milk,
 Most comely to behold.

He gave them for their cognizance
 A purple bleeding heart,
 In which two silver arrows seem'd
 The same in twain to part.

Thus secret were his wanton sports,
 Thus private was his pleasure,
 Thus harlots in the shape of men,
 Did waste away his treasure.

Oh, woe to lust and treachery !
 Oh, woe to such a vice !
 That buys repentance all too late ;
 And at too dear a price.

Yet he repented not at all,
 So wilful was his mind,
 He could not see his infamy,
 For sin had made him blind.

But in his heart desired a change
Of wanton pleasures so,
That day by day he wishes still,
Strange women for to know.

And so discharging of his train,
And selling of his land,
To travel into country's strange,
He quickly took in hand.

And into Antwerp speedily,
Thus all aflaut he goes,
To see the dainty Flemish girls,
And gallant Dutchland froes.

For still, quoth he, the Dutchland froes
Are kind to Englishmen,
I'll have my pleasure of those girls,
Or never come again :

And being arriv'd in Antwerp streets,
He met a lovely dame,
That was a widow's daughter dear,
Of good report and fame.

Her beauty, like the purple rose,
So glistered in his eye,
That ravish'd with the same, he crav'd
Her secret company.

But she like to an honest maid,
By no means would consent,
To satisfy his lustful eye,
As was his false intent.

An hundred days he wholly spent,
As many nights in vain,
As many angels he consum'd,
Her maidenhead to gain.

But nothing he prevail'd at all,
Untill that Satan's aid,
And cursed counsel helping him,
For to deflower this maid.

For like a lustful lecher he
Found such convenient time,
That he enforced her to drink,
Till she was drunk with wine.

And being overcharged with wine,
As maiden-heads be weak,
He ravish'd her there, when that she
Could no resistance make.

For being senseless there, she lost
Her sweet virginity,
Which she had kept full twenty years,
With great severity.

Therefore, good virgins, take good heed,
Lest you be thus beguiled,
When wine is settled in your brain,
You may be got with child.

And mark, I pray, what then befell
Unto this modest dame,
When she recovers her lost sense
And knew of her defame.

In pining grief she languish'd long
Like Philomel by night,
And would not come, for very shame,
In honest maidens sight.

Her womb at last began to swell,
Her babe received life;
And being neither widow nor maid,
Nor yet a married wife,

Did wish that she had ne'er been born,
Or in her cradle died,
Then angels at the gate of heaven
Had crown'd her virgin bright.

This babe that breedeth in my womb,
Quoth she, shall ne'er be born,
Nor called a bastard by such wives
That hold such love in scorn.

For I, a strumpet in disgrace,
 Though one against my will,
 Before I will so shame my friends,
 My dear life's blood I'll spill.

For as with wine I was deceiv'd,
 And made a vitious dame,
 So will I wash away with wine,
 My scarlet spots of shame.

Then drinking up her burning wine,
 She yielded up her breath,
 By which likewise the unborn babe,
 Was scalded unto death.

Her mother falling on her knees
 To heaven did cry and call;
 If ever widow's curse, quoth she,
 On mortal man did fall,

Then say, Amen, to mine, O Lord,
 That he may never thrive,
 That was the cause of this mischance,
 But rot away alive!

His nails from off his fingers dropt,
 His eyes from out his head,
 His toes they rotted from his feet,
 Before that he was dead.

His tongue that had false-sworn so oft
To compass his desire,
Within his mouth doth glow and burn
Like coals of sparkling fire.

And thus in torment in his sin
This wicked caitiff died,
Whose hateful carcase after death
In earth could not abide.

But in the maws of carrion crows,
And ravens made a tomb,
A vengeance just on those that use
On such vile sins presume.

For widows' curses have full oft
Been felt by mortal wights,
And for oppressed widows wrongs
Still heavenly angels fight.

For when King Henry the Sixth by force
Was murdered in the tower,
And his fair queen a widow made
By crook-back'd Richard's power,

She so exclaimed to the heavens,
For to revenge that deed,
That they might die in such like sort,
Which caused him to bleed,

Her curses so prevail'd, God wot,
That every one was slain,
Or murder'd by like cruell hand,
Not one there did remain.

Both crook-back'd Richard and his mates,
Lord Lovel and Buckingham,
With many more, did feel her curse,
Which needless are to name.

For widows' wrongs still pierce the gate
Of God's celestial throne,
And heaven itself will still revenge
Oppressed widows moans.

Take heed, take heed, you wanton youths,
Take heed by this mishap,
Lest for your lust and lechery,
You be caught in a trap.

Leave off your foul abuses,
You shew to maids and wives,
And by this wanton merchant's fall,
Learn how to mend your lives.

LXXVIII.

THE SHEPHERD'S SLUMBER.

IN Pescod-time, when hound to horn
Gives ear till buck be kill'd,
And little lads with pipes of corn
Sat keeping beasts a-field,

I went to gather strawberries tho'
By woods and groves full fair;
And parch'd my face with Phoebus so
In walking in the air;

That down I laid me by a stream
With boughs all over-clad,
And there I met the strangest dream,
That ever shepherd had.

Methought I saw each Christmas game,
Each revel, all and some,
And every thing that I can name,
Or may in fancy come.

The substance of the sights I saw,
In silence pass they shall ;
Because I lack the skill to draw,
The order of them all.

But Venus shall not pass my pen,
Whose maidens in disdain
Did feed upon the hearts of men,
That Cupid's bow had slain.

And that blind boy was all in blood,
Be-bath'd up to the ears ;
And like a conqueror he stood,
And scorned lovers tears.

I have, quoth he, more hearts at call,
Than Cæsar could command :
And, like the deer, I make them fall,
That runneth o'er the lawn.

One drops down here, another there,
In bushes as they groan ;
I bend a scornful, careless ear
To hear them make their moan.

Ah Sir, quoth Honest-meaning then,
Thy boy-like brags I hear,
When thou hast wounded many a man,
As hunts-man doth the deer,

Becomes it thee to triumph so ?
Thy mother wills it not :
For she had rather break thy bow,
Than thou should'st play the sot.

What saucy merchant speaketh now,
Said Venus in her rage,
Art thou so blind thou knowest not how
I govern every age ?

My son doth shoot no shaft in waste,
To me the boy is bound,
He never found a heart so chaste,
But he had power to wound.

Not so, fair Goddess, quoth Free-will,
In me there is a choice ;
And cause I am of mine own ill,
If I in thee rejoice.

And when I yield myself a slave
To thee, or to thy son,
Such recompence I ought not have,
If things be rightly done.

Why, fool, stept forth Delight, and said,
When thou art conquer'd thus,
Then lo dame Lust, that wanton maid,
Thy mistress is I wus :

And Lust is Cupid's darling dear,
Behold her where she goes !
She creeps the milk-warm flesh so near,
She hides her under close.

Where many privy thoughts do dwell,
A heaven here on earth,
For they have never mind of hell,
They think so much on mirth.

Be still, Good-meaning, quoth Good-sport,
Let Cupid triumph make,
For sure his kingdom shall be short,
If we no pleasure take.

Fair Beauty, and her Play-feres gay,
The Virgins-vestal too
Shall sit, and with their fingers play,
As idle people do.

If Honest-meaning fall to frown,
And I, Good-sport, decay
Then Venus' glory will come down,
And they will pine away.

Indeed, quoth Wit, this your device
With strangeness must be wrought,
And, where you see these women nice,
And looking to be sought,

With scowling brows their follies check,
And so give them the trig :
Let Fancy be no more at beck,
When Beauty looks so big.

When Venus heard how they conspired,
To murder women so,
Methought indeed the house was fired
With storms and lightnings tho'.

The thunderbolt through windows burst,
And in there steps a wight,
Which seem'd some foul, or sprite accurst,
So ugly was the sight !

I charge you ladies all, quoth he,
Look to yourselves in haste,
For if that men so wilfull be,
And have their thoughts so chaste,

That they can tread on Cupid's breast,
And march on Venus' face,
Then they shall sleep in quiet rest
When you shall wail your case.

With that had Venus all in spite
Stirr'd up the dames to ire,
And Lust fell cold, and Beauty white
Sat babbling with desire ;

Whose muttering words I might not mark,
 Much whispering there arose,
 The day did lower, the sun wax'd dark,
 Away each lady goes.

But whither went this angry flock,
 Our Lord himself doth know,
 For then full loudly crew the cock,
 And I awaked so.

A dream, quoth I, a dog it is,
 I take thereon no keep,
 I gage my head *such toys as this*
Do spring from lack of sleep.

LXXIX.

THE BARGINET OF ANTIMACHUS.

[By Thomas Lodge.]

IN pride of youth, in midst of May,
 When birds with many a merry lay,
 Salute the sun's up-rising ;
 I sat me down fast by a spring,
 And while these merry chaunters sing
 I fell upon surmising.

Amidst my doubt, and mind's debate
Of change of time, of world's estate,

I spied a boy attired,
In silver plumes, yet naked quite,
Save pretty feathers fit for flight,
Wherewith he still aspired.

A bow he bare to work men's wrack,
A little quiver at his back,

With many arrows filled.
And in his soft and pretty hand
He held a lively burning brand,
Wherewith he lovers killed.

Fast by his side in rich array
There sat a lovely lady gay,

His mother, as I guessed :
Who set the lad upon her knee,
And trimm'd his bow, and taught him flee,
And mickle love professed.

Oft from her lap at sundry stowres
He leapt, and gathered summer's flowers,
Both violets and roses ;

But, see the chance that followed fast
As he the pomp of prime doth waste,
Before that he supposes.

A bee that harboured hard thereby,
 Did sting his hand, and made him cry
 Oh mother, I am wounded !
 Fair Venus, that beheld her son,
 Cried out, alas ! I am undone !
 And thereupon she swooned.

My little lad, the goddess said,
 Who hath my Cupid so dismay'd ?
 He answer'd, gentle mother,
 The honey-worker in the hive,
 My grief and mischief did contrive ;
 Alas ! it is none other.

She kissed the lad, now mark the chance,
 And straight she fell into a trance,
 And crying, thus concluded :
 Ah, wanton boy like to the bee,
 Thou with a kiss hast wounded me,
 And hapless love included.

A little bee doth thee affright,
 But ah, my wounds are full of spite,
 And cannot be recured :
 The boy, that guessed his mother's pain,
 'Gan smile, and kissed her whole again,
 And made her hope assured.

She sucked the wound, and swaged the sting,
And little Love y-cured did sing,
Then let no lover sorrow,
To day, tho' grief attaint his heart,
Let him with courage bide the smart,
Amends will come to morrow.

LXXX.

“THE LOVER COMPARETH HIMSELF TO
THE PAINFUL FALCONER.”

To the tune—“I Loved her Over Wel.”

[From the “Handefull of Pleasant Delites,” 1584.]

THE soaring hawk from fist that flies,
Her falconer doth constrain
Sometimes to range the ground unknown,
To find her out again :
And if by sight, or sound of bell
His falcon he may see,
Wo ho! he cries, with cheerful voice,
The gladdest man is he.

By lure then in finest sort,
 He seeks to bring her in ;
 But if that she full gorged be,
 He cannot so her win,
 Although with becks, and bending eyes
 She many proffers makes,
 Wo ho ! he cries, away she flies,
 And so her leave she takes.

This woful man with weary limbs
 Runs wandring round about ;
 At length by noise of chattering pies
 His hawk again found out :
 His heart was glad his eyes had seen
 His falcon swift of flight,
 Wo ho ! he cries, she empty gorged
 Upon his lure doth light.

How glad was then the falconer there,
 No pen nor tongue can tell,
 He swam in bliss, that lately felt
 Like pains of cruel hell.
 His hand sometimes upon her train,
 Sometimes upon her breast,
 Wo ho ! he cries, with cheerful voice,
 His heart was now at rest.

My dear, likewise behold thy love,
What pains he doth endure,
And now at length let pity move
To stoop unto his lure,
A hood of silk and silver bells,
New gifts I promise thee,
Wo ho ! I cry, I come, then say,
Make me as glad as he.

LXXXI.

“A MERY BALLET OF THE HATHORNE
TRE.”

It was a maid of my country
As she came by a hawthorn tree,
As full of flowers as might be seen,
She marvell'd to see the tree so green,

At last she asked of this tree,
How came this freshness unto thee,
And every branch so fair and clean,
I marvel that you grow so green.

The tree made answer by and by,
I have good cause to grow triumphantly,
The sweetest dew that ever be seen,
Doth fall on me to keep me green.

Yea, quoth the maid, but where you grow,
You stand at hand for every blow,
Of every man for to be seen,
I marvel that you grow so green.

Though many one take flowers from me,
And many a branch out of my tree,
I have such store they will not be seen,
For more and more my twedges grow green.

But how, and they chance to cut thee down,
And carry thy branches into the town?
Then will they never no more be seen,
To grow again so fresh and green.

Though that you do, it is no boot,
Although they cut me to the root,
Next year again I will be seen,
To bud my branches fresh and green.

And you, fair maid, cannot do so,
For if you let your maidhood go,
Then will it never no more be seen,
As I with my branches can grow green.

The maid with that began to blush,
And turned her from the hawthorn bush,
She thought herself so fair and clean,
Her beauty still would ever grow green.

When that she heard this marvellous doubt,
She wandered still then all about,
Suspecting still what she would ween,
Her maidhead lost would never be seen.

With many a sigh she went her way,
To see how she made herself so gay,
To walk, to see, and to be seen,
And so outfaced the hawthorn green.

Besides all that, it put her in fear,
To talk with company any where,
For fear to lose the thing that should be seen,
To grow as were the hawthorn green.

But after this, never I could hear
Of this fair maiden any where,
That ever she was in forest seen,
To talk again of the hawthorn green.

LXXXII.

THE WOODMAN'S WALK.

THROUGH a fair forest as I went
Upon a summer's day,
I met a woodman quaint and gent,
Yet in a strange array.

I marvell'd much at his disguise,
Whom I did know so well,
But thus in terms both grave and wise,
His mind he 'gan to tell,

Friend, muse not at this fond array,
But list a while to me,
For it hath holped me to survey,
What I shall show to thee.

Long liv'd I in this forest fair,
Till weary of my weal,
Abroad in walks I would repair,
As now I will reveal,

My first day's walk was to the court,
Where beauty fed mine eyes,
Yet found I that the courtly sport,
Did mask in sly disguise.

For falsehood sat in fairest looks,
And friend to friend was coy,
Court-favour fill'd but empty rooks,
And there I found no joy.

Desert went naked in the cold,
When crouching craft was fed,
Sweet words were cheaply bought and sold,
But none that stood in stead.

Wit was employed for each man's own,
Plain-meaning came too short,
All these devices seen and known,
Made me forsake the court.

Unto the city next I went,
In hope of better hap,
Where liberally I launch'd and spent,
As set on fortune's lap.

The little stock I had in store
Methought would ne'er be done,
Friends flocked about me more and more,
As quickly lost as won.

For when I spent, then they were kind,
 But when my purse did fail,
 The foremost man came last behind,
 Thus love with wealth doth quail.

Once more for footing yet I strove,
 Although the world did frown,
 But they before that held me up,
 Together trod me down.

And lest once more I should arise,
 They sought my quite decay,
 Then got I into this disguise,
 And thence I stole away.

And in my mind (methought) I said,
 Lord bless me from the city,
 Where simpleness is thus betray'd,
 Without remorse or pity.

Yet would I not give over so,
 But once more try my fate,
 And to the country then I go,
 To live in quiet state.

There did appear no subtile shows,
 But yea and nay went smoothly,
 But, Lord, how country folks can gloze,
 When they speak most untruly !

More craft was in a buttonn'd cap,
And in an old wife's rail,
Than in my life it was my hap
To see on down or dale.

There was no open forgery,
But under-handed gleaning,
Which they call country policy,
But hath a worser meaning.

Some good bold face bears out the wrong,
Because he gains thereby,
The poor man's back is cracked ere long,
Yet there he lets him lie.

And no degree among them all,
But had such close intending,
That I upon my knees did fall,
And prayed for their amending.

Back to the woods I got again,
In mind perplexed sore,
Where I found ease of all my pain,
And mean to stray no more.

There, city, court, nor country too,
Can any way annoy me,
But as a woodman ought to do,
I freely may employ me.

There live I quietly alone,
 And none to trip my talk,
 Wherefore when I am dead and gone,
 Think on the woodman's walk.

LXXXIII.

“Jacke Dove’s Resolution, by which he doth shew,
 That he cares not a rush how ere the world goe.”

To the tune of—To drive the cold Winter away.

To all my good friends, these presents I send,
 Yet neither to beg nor to crave,
 For though some have store, and I am but poor,
 I’m content with that little I have
 And I’ll ne’er for my want turn sycophant,
 (Though many there be that do so,)
 But I’ll honest be, love them that love me,
 And care not how ere the world go.

And though fortune frown, I'll not cast myself down,
But mildly bear what doth fall,
Care will make me but worse, and ne'er fill my purse,
But the day will come may mend all,
Then 'tis but a folly, for that to be sorry,
Which must whether I will or no,
But impatience in rest, then I'll hope for the best,
And care not how ere the world go.

For why should a man care, or drown in despair,
Though his fortunes be ne'er so unkind,
Why should I be sad, for what I ne'er had,
Or foolishly trouble my mind,
And I do hate to pine at my fate,
There's none but fools will do so,
I'll laugh and be fat, for care kills a cat,
And I care not how ere the world go.

To sigh and to wail, what will it prevail,
Or any whit better my fare,
When a little good mirth, 'mongst friends is more worth,
And better than a great deal of care;
Then I'll cheer up myself, for content is great wealth,
Let sighing and sorrowing go,
I'll laugh and be merry, with a cup of old sherry,
And care not how ere the world go.

Though many a chuff hath more than enough,
 Why should I repine at their bliss,
 If I am content with what God hath sent,
 I think I do not amiss :
 Let others have wealth, so I have my health,
 And money to pay what I owe,
 I'll laugh and be merry, sing down a down derry,
 And care not how ere the world go.

I'll make much of one, for when I am gone,
 Then what's all the world unto me,
 I'll not be a slave to that which I have,
 But 'mongst my friends let it flee ;
 And least there rise debate, about my estate,
 When my head's laid full low,
 Or some knaves circumvent it, to whom I ne'er meant it,
 I'll spend it how ere the world go.

SECOND PART.

Some men do suppose, to go in brave cloaths,
 Doth purchase a great deal of respect,
 Though I am but poor, I run not on score,
 I think myself honestly deckt ;
 Let others go brave, 'tis my own that I have,
 And I think they cannot say so,
 And I like that I wear, though it cost not so dear,
 And I care not how ere the world go.

I'd rather go mean, than be like to them,
Which living in pomp and state,
Maintain all their bravery, with private knavery,
Getting gold at any rate ;
Such conscience profess, but use nothing less,
Deceiving the world with a shew,
But the time it may come, will pay such knaves home,
But I care not how ere the world go.

Your delicate cates your hypocrites eat,
And wine of the best do drink,
Much money they spend, but to little end,
And ne'er on their end they think :
Low shrubs be secure, when cedars endure
All storms and tempests that blow,
Let others rise high, but so will not I,
For I care not how ere the world go.

For ambition's best scene, is but a fine dream,
Which for a time tickles the mind,
And the hap of an hour, with such envy may low'r,
As may turn all one's hopes into wind,
Then worse than before, they may sigh and deplore,
To see themselves cast off so low,
When I all the while do sit and smile,
And care not how ere the world go.

The flattering curs, that frown upon furs,
 And hang on the nobleman's beck,
 That crouch at their heel whilst their bounty they feel,
 Professing all love and respect,
 Yet when they do fall, they run away all,
 But I hate to dissemble so,
 What I do for my part shall come from my heart,
 And I care not how ere the world go.

I'll wrong none, not I, but if some through envy,
 Do wrong me without a cause,
 Or if me they disdain, I'll slight them again,
 And reckon not of it two straws:
 Dissembling I scorn, for I am free born,
 My happiness lies not below;
 Though my words they want art, I speak from my heart,
 And I care not how ere the world goes.

LXXXIII.

ALPHONSO AND GANSELO;

OR,

Faithful Friendship.

IN stately Rome sometime did dwell
 A man of noble fame,
 Who had a son of seemly shape,
 Alphonso was his name;
 When he was grown and come to age,
 His father thought it best,
 To send his son to Athens fair
 Where Wisdom's school did rest.

And when he was to Athens come,
 Good lectures for to learn,
 A place to board him with delight,
 His friends did well discern,
 A noble knight of Athens' town
 Of him did take the charge,
 Who had a son Ganselo called,
 Just of his pitch and age.

In stature and in person both,
 In favour, speech, and face,
 In quality and conditions
 They 'greed in every place,
 So like they were in all respects,
 The one unto the other,
 They were not known but by their names,
 Of father or of mother.

And as in favour they were found,
 Alike in all respects,
 Ev'n so they did most dearly love,
 As prov'd by good effects,
 Ganselo lov'd a lady fair,
 Which did in Athens dwell,
 Who was in beauty peerless found,
 So far she did excel.

Upon a time it chanced so,
 As fancy did him move,
 That he would visit for delight
 His lady and his love,
 And to his true and faithful friend
 He did declare the same,
 Asking of him if he would see
 That fair and comely dame.

Alphonso did thereto agree,
And with Ganselo went
To see the lady which he lov'd,
Which bred his discontent :
But when he cast his crystal eyes
Upon her angel hue,
The beauty of that lady bright
Did straight his heart subdue.

His gentle heart so wounded was
With that fair lady's face,
That afterwards he daily liv'd
In sad and woful case.
And of his grief he knew not how
Therefore to make an end,
For that he knew the lady's love
Was yielded to his friend.

Thus being sore perplexed in mind,
Upon his bed he lay,
Like one whom death and deep despair
Had almost worn away.
His friend Ganselo, that did see
His grief and great distress,
At length requested for to know,
His cause of heaviness.

With much ado at length he told
 The truth unto his friend,
 Who did relieve his inward woe
 With comfort to the end ;
 Take courage then, dear friend, quoth he,
 Though she through love be mine,
 My right I will resign to thee,
 The lady shall be thine.

You know our favours are alike,
 Our speech also likewise,
 This day in mine apparell
 You shall yourself disguise,
 And unto church then shall you go
 Directly in my stead ;
 Lo, though my friends suppose 'tis I,
 You shall the lady wed.

Alphonso was so well appaid,
 And as they had decreed,
 He went that day, and wedded plain
 The lady there indeed :
 But when the nuptial feast was done,
 And Phœbus quite was fled,
 The lady for Ganselo took
 Alphonso to her bed.

That night they spent in pleasant sport,
And when the day was come,
A post for fair Alphonso came
To fetch him home to Rome.
Then was the matter plainly prov'd
Alphonso wedded was,
And not Ganselo to that dame,
Which brought great woe, alas!

Alphonso being gone to Rome
With this his lady gay,
Ganselo's friends and kindred all
In such a rage did stay,
That they deprived him of his wealth,
His land, and rich attire,
And banished him their country quite,
In rage and wrathful ire.

With sad and pensive thoughts, alas!
Ganselo wandered then,
Who was constrained through want to beg
Relief of many men:
In this distress oft would he say
To Rome I mean to go
To seek Alphonso, my dear friend,
Who will relieve my woe.

To Rome when poor Ganselo came,
 And found Alphonso's place,
 Which was so famous, huge, and fair,
 Himself in such poor case,
 He was ashamed to shew himself
 In that his poor array,
 Saying Alphonso knows me well
 If he would come this way.

Therefore he staid within the street,
 Alphonso then came by,
 But heeded not Ganselo poor,
 His friend that stood so nigh.
 Which grieved Ganselo to the heart,
 Quoth he, and is it so?
 Doth proud Alphonso now disdain
 His friend indeed to know.

In desperate sort away he went
 Into a barn hard by,
 And presently he drew his knife,
 Thinking thereby to die.
 And bitterly in sorrow there
 He did lament and weep,
 And being over-weighed with grief,
 He there fell fast asleep.

While soundly there he sweetly slept,
Came in a murdering thief,
And saw a naked knife lie by
This man so full of grief;
The knife so bright he took up straight,
And went away amain,
And thrust it in a murder'd man
Which he before had slain.

And afterwards he went with speed
And put this bloody knife
Into his hand that sleeping lay,
To save himself from strife:
Which done, away in haste he ran,
And when that search was made,
Ganselo with his bloody knife,
Was for the murder staid,

And brought before the magistrate,
Who did confess most plain,
That he indeed with that same knife
The murder'd man had slain.
Alphonso sitting with the judge,
And knowing Ganselo's face,
To save his friend did say himself
Was guilty in that case.

None, quoth Alphonso, kill'd the man,
 My lord, but only I,
 And therefore set this poor man free,
 And let me justly die.
 Thus while for death these faithful friends
 In striving did proceed,
 The man before the senate came,
 That did the fact indeed.

Who being moved with remorse,
 Their friendly hearts to see,
 Did say before the judges plain
 None did the fact but he.
 Thus when the truth was plainly told,
 Of all sides joy was seen,
 Alphonso did embrace his friend
 Which had so woful been.

In rich array he clothed him
 As fitted his degree,
 And helped him to his lands again
 And former dignity.
 The murderer for telling truth
 Had pardon at that time,
 Who afterwards lamented much
 His foul and grievous crime.

LXXXV.

“A PLEASANT BALLAD OF TWO LOVERS.”

[From a black letter copy, in the Pepys Collection.]

COMPLAIN, my lute, complain on him,
That stays so long away,
He promis'd to be here ere this,
But still unkind doth stay :
But now the proverb true I find,
Once out of sight, then out of mind,
Hey ho, my heart is full of woe !

Peace, lyre, peace, it is not so,
He'll by and by be here,
But every one that is in love
Thinks every hour a year.
Hark, hark ! methinks I hear one knock,
Run quickly then, and turn the lock,
Then farewell all my care and woe.

Come, gallant, now, come loiterer,
For I must chide with thee,
But yet I will forgive thee once,
Come, sit thee down by me,

Fair lady, rest yourself content,
 I will endure your punishment,
 And then we shall be friends again.

For every hour that I have staid
 So long from thee away,
 A thousand kisses will I give,
 Receive them ready pay.

And if we chance to count amiss,
 Again we'll reckon them every kiss,
 For he is blest that's punisht so.

And if those thousand kisses then,
 We chance to count aright,
 We shall not need to count again,
 Till we in bed do light,
 And then be sure that thou shalt have,
 Thy reckoning just as thou shalt crave,
 So shall we still agree as one.

And thus they spent the silent night,
 In sweet delightful sport,
 Till Phoebus with his beams so bright,
 From out the fiery port
 Did blush to see the sweet content,
 In sable night so vainly spent,
 Betwixt these lovers two.

And then this gallant did persuade,
That he might now be gone,
Sweet-heart, quoth he, I am afraid,
That I have stay'd too long.

And wilt thou then be gone, quoth she,
And will no longer stay with me?
Then welcome all my care and woe.

And then she took her lute in hand,
And thus began to play,
Her heart was faint, she could not stand;
But on her bed she lay,
And art thou gone, my love? quoth she;
Complain, my lute, complain with me,
Untill that he doth come again.

LXXXVI.

“COURAGE CROWNED WITH CONQUEST,

OR,

A brief Relation how that valiant Knight and heroick champion, Sir Eglamore, bravely fought with, and manfully slew, a terrible huge great monstrous Dragon.”

To a pleasant new tune.

[In the black letter copies, the words “with his fa, la, lanctre down dilie,” occur at the end of each of the two first verses, and of the last verse of each stanza. It may be sufficient to intimate this to the reader, without repeating them here.]

SIR EGLAMORE, that valiant knight,
He fetcht his sword, and he went to fight;
As he went over hill and dale,
All clothed in his coat of mail.

A huge great dragon leapt out of his den,
Which had killed the lord knows how many men,
But when he saw Sir Eglamore,
Good lack, had you seen how this dragon did roar!

This dragon, he had a plaguy hide,
Which could both sword and spear abide,
He could not enter with hacks and cuts, [and guts.
Which vexed the knight to the very heart's blood

All the trees in the wood did shake,
Stars did tremble, and men did quake,
But had you seen how the birds lay peeping,
'Twould have made a man's heart to fall a weeping.

But it was now too late to fear,
For it was come to fight dog, fight bear,
And as a yawning he did fall,
He thrust his sword in, hilt and all.

But now as the knight in choler did burn,
He owed the dragon a shrewd good turn,
In at his mouth his sword he bent,
The hilt appeared at his fundament.

Then the dragon, like a coward, began for to fly,
Unto his den that was hard by,
And there he laid him down, and roar'd,
The knight was vexed for his sword.

The sword that was a right good blade
As ever Turk or Spaniard made,
I for my part do forsake it,
And he that will fetch it, let him take it.

When all this was done, to the ale-house he went,
And by and by his twopence he spent,
For he was so hot with tugging with the dragon,
That nothing would quench him but a whole flaggon.

Now God preserve our King and Queen,
And eke in London may be seen,
As many knights, and as many more,
And all so good as Sir Eglamore.

LXXXVII.

“SIR HUGH THE GRIME.”

As it befell upon one time,
About Midsummer of the year,
Every man was taxed of his crime,
For stealing the good lord bishop's mare.

The good Lord Screw he saddled a horse,
And rid after this same scrime,
Before he did get over the moss,
There was he aware of Sir Hugh the Grime.

Turn, O turn, thou false traitor,
Turn and yield thyself unto me,
Thou hast stolen the lord bishop's mare,
And now thou thinkest away to flee.

No, soft, Lord Screw, that may not be,
Here is a broad sword by my side,
And if that thou can'st conquer me,
The victory will soon be tried.

I ne'er was afraid of a traitor bold,
Although thy name be Hugh in the Grime,
I'll make thee repent thy speeches foul,
If day and life but give me time.

Then do thy worst, thou good Lord Screw,
And deal your blows as fast as you can,
It will be tried between me and you,
Which of us two shall be the best man.

SECOND PART.

Thus as they dealt in blows so free,
And both so bloody at that time,
Over the moss ten yeomen they see,
Come for to take Sir Hugh in the Grime.

Sir Hugh set his back against a tree,
And then the men encompass him round,
His mickle sword from his hand did flee,
And then they brought Sir Hugh to the ground.

Sir Hugh of the Grime now taken is,
And brought back to Garland town,
The good wives all in Garland town,
Sir Hugh in the Grime thou'st ne'er gang down.

The good lord bishop is come to the town,
And on the bench is set so high,
And every man was taxed to his crime,
At length he called Sir Hugh in the Grime.

Here am I thou false bishop,
Thy humours all to fulfill,
I do not think my fact so great,
But thou mayst put it into thy own will.

The quest of jury men was called,
The best that was in Garland town,
Eleven of them spoke all in a breast,
Sir Hugh in the Grime thou'st ne'er gang down.

Then other questy men were called,
The best that were in Rumary,
Twelve of them spoke all in a breast,
Sir Hugh in the Grime, thou'st now guilty.

Then came down my good Lord Bowles,
Falling down upon his knee,
Five hundred pieces of gold would I give
To grant Sir Hugh of the Grime to me.

Peace, peace, my good Lord Bowles,
And of your speeches set them by,
If there be eleven Grimes all of a name,
Then by my honour they all should die.

Then came down my good Lady Ward,
Falling down upon her knee,
Five hundred measures of gold I'll give
To grant Sir Hugh of the Grime to me.

Peace, peace, my good Lady Ward,
None of your proffers shall him buy,
For if there be twelve Grimes all of a name,
By my own honour they all shall die.

Sir Hugh of the Grime's condemn'd to die,
And of his friends he had no lack,
Fourteen foot he leapt in his ward,
His hands bound fast upon his back.

Then he lookt over his left shoulder,
To see whom he could see or spy,
There was he aware of his father dear,
Came tearing his hair most pittifully.

Peace, peace, my father dear,
And of your speeches set them by ;
Though they have bereaved me of my life,
They cannot bereave me of heaven so high.

He lookt over his right shoulder,
To see whom he could see or spy,
There was he aware of his mother dear,
Came tearing her hair most pitifully.

Pray have me remember'd to Peggy my wife,
As she and I walkt over the moor,
She was the causer of my life,
And with the old bishop she play'd the whore.

Here, Johnny Armstrong, take thou my sword,
That is made of mettle so fine,
And when thou com'st to the border side,
Remember the death of Sir Hugh of the Grime.

LXXXVIII.

THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM.

A celebrated orator and distinguished genius has pronounced the days of chivalry to be gone for ever ; it may therefore not be uninteresting to prefix to this Ballad, a description of the habit of a Knight, written in days of yore, while tilts and tournaments were yet in vogue, and “ a thousand swords ready to leap from their scabbards to revenge even a look displeasing” to a lady. The extract is given from a book of unusually rare occurrence.

“ The Knight ought to be all armed upon a horse, in such wise that he have a helm on his head, and a spear in his right hand, and covered with his shield, a sword and a mace on his left side, clad with a hawberk, and plates before his breast, leg harness on his legs, spurs on his heels; on his hands his gauntlet; his horse well broken and taught, and apt to battle, and covered with arms.”

[See a Treatise of the Game of Chess, printed by Caxton.]

In “ the Book of Good Maners,” also printed by Caxton, in 1487, is a chapter “ how Knights ought to govern themselves,” from which I extract two passages: “ A Knight ought to be a man among a thousand; good and honourable; courageous of heart; true in his deeds; mighty and wise; hardy and prudent; and ready to defend the right of his country, and of them to whom he is bound to serve, and also of them of whom he hath the governance.

“The Knights ought to exercise and accustom them [selves] in feats of arms; and ought not to be idle in seeking and following their pleasure and ease. I suppose if a search should be made how many knights know their horses well, and their horses them, and have their harness and habiliments of war ready, I trow there should not many be founden.”

I am indebted to the Rev. T. F. Dibden, for the reference to “the Book of Good Maners.”

Now of the seven champions here
My purpose is to write,
To show how they with sword and spear
Put many foes to flight :
Distressed ladies to release,
And captives bound in chains ;
That Christian glory to encrease,
Which evermore remains,

First I give you to understand
That great St. George by name,
Was the true champion of our land,
And of his birth and fame ;
And of his noble mother's dream,
Before that he was born,
The which to her did clearly seem
Her days would be forlorn.

This was her dream ; that she did bear
A dragon in her womb,
Which griev'd this noble lady fair,
'Cause death must be her doom.
This sorrow she could not conceal,
So dismal was her fear,
So that she did the same reveal
Unto her husband dear ;

Who went for to inquire straight
Of an enchantress,
When knocking at her iron gate,
Her answer it was this :
“ The lady shall bring forth a son,
By whom, in tract of time,
Great noble actions shall be done,
He will to honour climb :

For he shall be in banners wore,
This truth I will maintain :
Your lady she shall die before
You see her face again.”
His leave he took, and home he went,
His wife departed lay ;
But that which did his grief augment
The child was stole away.

Then did he travel in despair,
 Where soon with grief he died,
 While the young child, his son and heir,
 Did constantly abide
 With the wise lady of the grove,
 In her enchanted cell ;
 Amongst the woods he oft did rove,
 His beauty pleased her well.

Blinded with love, she did impart,
 Upon a certain day,
 To him her cunning magic art,
 And where six champions lay
 Within a brazen castle strong,
 By an enchanted sleep,
 And where they had continued long,
 She did the castle keep.

She taught and show'd him every thing
 Thro' being free and fond ;
 Which did her fatal ruin bring ;
 For with a silver wand
 He clos'd her up into a rock,
 By giving one small stroke ;
 So took possession of her stock,
 And the enchantment broke.

Those Christian champions being freed
From their enchanted state,
Each mounted on his prancing steed,
And took to travel straight;
Where we will leave them to pursue
Kind fortune's favours still,
To treat of our own champion, who
Did courts with wonders fill.

For as he came to understand
At an old hermit's cell,
How in the vast Egyptian land
A dragon fierce and fell
Threatened the ruin of them all,
By his devouring jaws,
His sword releas'd them from that thrall,
And soon remov'd the cause.

This dreadful dragon must destroy
A virgin every day,
Or else with stinks he'll them annoy,
And many thousands slay.
At length the king's own daughter dear,
For whom the court did mourn,
Was brought to be devoured here,
For she must take her turn.

The king by proclamation, said,
 If any hardy knight
 Could free this fair young royal maid,
 And slay the dragon quite,
 Then should he have her for his bride,
 And after death likewise
 His crown and kingdom too beside ;
 St. George he won the prize.

When many hardy strokes he'd dealt,
 And could not pierce his hide,
 He run his sword up to the hilt
 In at the dragon's side ;
 By which he did his life destroy,
 Which cheer'd the drooping king,
 This caused an universal joy,
 Sweet peals of bells did ring.

The daughter of a king for pride,
 Transformed into a tree
 Of mulberries, which Denis spied,
 And being hungry
 Of that fair fruit he ate a part,
 And was transformed likewise
 Into the fashion of a hart,
 For seven years precise.

At which he long bewail'd the loss
Of manly shape, then goes
To him his true and trusty horse,
And brings a blushing rose,
By which the magic spell was broke,
And both were fairly freed
From the enchanted heavy yoke,
They then in love agreed.

Now we come to St. James of Spain,
Who slew a mighty boar,
In hopes that he might honour gain,
But he must die therefore.
Who was allow'd his death to choose,
Which was by virgins darts,
But they the same did all refuse,
So tender were their hearts.

The king's daughter at length by lot,
Was doomed to work his woe,
From her fair hands a fatal shot,
Out of a golden bow,
Must put a period to the strife,
At which grief did her seize,
She of her father begg'd his life
Upon her bended knees.

Saying, my gracious sovereign Lord,
 And honoured father dear,
 He well deserves a large reward,
 Then be not so severe ;
 Give me his life. He grants the boon,
 And then without delay,
 This Spanish champion, ere 'twas noon,
 Rid with her quite away.

Now come we to St. Anthony,
 A man with valour fraught,
 The champion of fair Italy,
 Who many wonders wrought.
 First, he a mighty giant slew,
 The terror of mankind,
 Young ladies fair, pure virgins too,
 This giant kept confined,

Within his castle walls of stone,
 And gates of solid brass,
 Where seven ladies made their moan,
 But out they could not pass.
 Many brave lords and knights likewise
 To free them did engage,
 Who fell a bleeding sacrifice
 To this fierce giant's rage.

Fair daughters to a royal king,
Yet fortune, after all,
Did our renowned champion bring
To free them from their thrall.
Assisted by the hand of heaven,
He ventured life and limb,
Behold the fairest of the seven,
She fell in love with him.

That champion good, bold St. Andrew,
The famous Scottish knight,
Dark gloomy desarts travell'd through,
Where Phoebus gave no light ;
Haunted with spirits for a while,
His weary course he steers,
Till fortune blessed him with a smile,
And shook off all his fears.

This Christian champion travell'd long
Till at the length he came
Unto the giant's castle strong,
Great Blanderon by name ;
Where the king's daughters were transform'd
Into the shape of swans,
Tho' them he freed, their father storm'd,
But he his malice shuns.

For though five hundred armed knights
 Did straight beset him round,
 Our Christian champion with them fights,
 Till on the heathen ground
 Most of those Pagans bleeding lay,
 Which much perplex'd the king ;
 The Scottish champion clears the way,
 Which was a glorious thing.

St. Patrick too of Ireland,
 That noble knight of fame,
 He travelled, as we understand,
 Till at the length he came
 Into a grove where satyrs dwelt,
 Where ladies he beheld,
 Who had their raging fury felt
 And were with sorrow fill'd.

He drew his sword, and did maintain
 A sharp and bloody fray,
 Till the ringleader he had slain,
 The rest soon fled away.
 This done, he asked the ladies fair,
 Who were in silks array'd,
 From whence they came, and who they were ?
 They answered him and said :

We are all daughters to a king,
Whom a brave Scottish knight
Did out of tribulation bring,
He having took his flight,
Now after him we are in quest :
St. Patrick then replies,
He is my friend, I cannot rest
Till I find him likewise.

So, ladies, if you do intend
To take your lot with me,
This sword of mine shall you defend
From savage cruelty.
The ladies freely gave consent
To travel many miles,
Through shady groves and woods they went
In search of fortune's smiles.

The Christian champion, David, went
To the Tartarian court,
Where at their tilt and tournament,
And such like royal sport,
He overthrew the only son
Of the Count Palatine ;
This noble action being done
His fame began to shine.

The young Count's sad and sudden death
 Turn'd all their joys to grief,
 He bleeding lay, bereaved of breath,
 The father's son in chief:
 But lords and ladies blazed the fame
 Of our brave champion bold;
 Saying, they ought to write his name
 In characters of gold.

Here have I writ a fair account
 Of each heroic deed,
 Done by these knights, which will surmount
 All those that shall succeed.
 The ancient chronicles of kings,
 Ere since the world began,
 Can't boast of such renowned things
 As these brave knights have done.

St. George he was for England,
 St. Dennis was for France,
 St. James for Spain, whose valiant hand
 Did Christian fame advance:
 St. Anthony for Italy,
 Andrew for Scots ne'er fails;
 Patrick too stands for Ireland;
 St. David was for Wales.

Thus have you those stout champions names
In this renowned song,
Young captive ladies bound in chains,
Confined in castles strong,
They did by knightly prowess free
True honour to maintain,
Then let their lasting memory
From age to age remain.

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